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H. I. SMITH, EDITOR.

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Time is Money!

THEREFORE IT IS GOOD POLICY TO GET THE BEST TIME FOR THE LEAST MONEY.

This is possible at our store for we keep none but the best timepieces. There is probably nothing that tries the patience of a man, or his wife—if he be so fortunate as to have one—as a watch or clock that does not keep correct time. Our Watches and Clocks are all sold on a guarantee to be first-class time-keepers. So you see you run no risk in purchasing from us. Our low prices keep the stock always new and clean.

E. D. HINKLE, Jeweler,
Livingston Building, Centre Square.

P. S.—An experience of 5 years in the largest watch works in this country enables us to do all kinds of REPAIRING in a most satisfactory manner.



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Patent Medicines,

Toilet Articles; Choice Perfumery,
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Careful preparation of prescriptions

Also, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Etc.
for Sale. Repairing done and
work guaranteed.

All goods in either department
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Job Printing all kinds
cheap, at THE ITEM office

The Great Conflict

is over and High Prices

Are Among The Past.

We have selected our Spring Stock
of goods with GREAT CARE, and at
prices that we are able to serve our
customers with still better goods for the
money than ever before.

Call and see our line of

**Chamber Suits,
Parlor Suits,**

Dining Room Sets, Sideboards, Book
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FURNITURE LINE!

Let us show you through our rooms
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1000 TO 1500 YARDS OF CARPET
FOR SALE

at the lowest living profits.

All Wool Stripes and Pearl Cotton
at 45 to 75 cts. per yard. All Cotton
Carpet at 20 to 35 cts. All heavy in
chain, from 800 ends to 1,000 Ends.

—ALSO—

Carpets made to order, any width, with
an experience of over 60 years of prac-
tice.

—ALSO—

40 styles sold by Samples, Body Brus-
sels, Tapestry Brussels, Velvet and In-
grain, at the lowest reduced prices.
Come and examine my stock before
buying and be convinced.

Opp. St. James Lutheran church
Stratton street, Gettysburg.

JACOB C. SCHRIVER,
5503cm. AGENT

MARVELOUS STRIDES.

Ex-Minister Smith on "National
Development."

SECRETARY CARLISLE ON FINANCE

Notable Addresses at the Annual Banquet
of the New York Chamber of Commerce.
How We Are Outstripping the Nations
of the Old World.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—The 127th annual
banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of
the state of New York was held at Dol-
monico's last evening. The yearly dinner
of this organization are among the most
important events of the metropolis and
that of last night was no exception. Ut-
terances that have moved the policy of the
government have been made on these oc-
casions, and it was at one of the chamber's
dinners that Secretary of the Treasury
Windom was stricken with sudden death
a few years ago.

It was somewhat after 9 o'clock when
President Orr rapped for order, and in a
brief speech, in which he referred to the
Armenian atrocities, introduced Secretary
Carlisle, who spoke on "Our Currency
System." In the course of his lengthy ad-
dress Mr. Carlisle said:

"In attempting to provide a circulating
medium consisting of its own notes re-
deemable in coin on presentation and re-
issuable after redemption, the government
of the United States is engaged in a busi-
ness for which it is wholly unfitted and
which was never for a moment contem-
plated by its founders. It has a right to
borrow money and issue evidences of the
debt, and it has a right to coin money and
regulate its values—that is, to declare
what the relative values of the metals
shall be in the coinage—but it was never
contemplated that it should convert itself
into a bank of issue and furnish a legal
tender paper currency for the use of the
people.

"No change that can be made in our
currency system will afford the relief to
which the government and the people are
entitled unless it provides for the retire-
ment and cancellation of the legal tender
United States notes. Anything less than
this will be simply a palliative, and not a
cure, for the financial ills to which the
country is now subject.

"The United States note was a forced
loan from the people to the government
which the government promised to pay in
dollars, but the free coinage of legal ten-
der silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, or at any
other ratio not corresponding with the
commercial value of the two metals, would
be a forced loan from the people to the
owners of silver mines and silver bullion,
without a promise of repayment by any-
body. One loan was forced for the benefit
of the government in a time of war, but
the proposition of the advocates of free
coinage is to force another loan for the
benefit of private individuals and corpora-
tions in a time of profound peace."

Secretary Carlisle's speech was fre-
quently applauded, especially that part
where he committed himself to sound
money.

He was followed by United States Sena-
tor J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, who spoke
on "Our Domestic Commerce."

Charles Emory Smith, of Philadelphia,
ex-minister to Russia, was the third
speaker, his toast being "National Devel-
opment and Opportunity." Mr. Smith
spoke in substance as follows:

"Ours is a land of fullness and not of fam-
ine. Providence has dowered us with match-
less opportunity and the world's evolution
unfolds before us the crowning destiny of
mankind. The merchant princes, even of
middle age, before me have within their
own business lives seen our young repub-
lic pass and outstrip all the old nations,
hoary with the moss of a thousand years.
In the two decades from 1870 to 1890 the
three mighty powers of Great Britain,
France and Germany, all combined, with
their 125,000,000 people, gained in wealth
\$30,000,000,000, while the United States
alone, with its 60,000,000 people, gained
\$38,000,000,000.

"The examination of national earnings
tells the enrapturing story of triumphant
advance. Great Britain is estimated to
earn about \$6,400,000,000 a year, France
\$5,000,000,000 and Germany about the same,
while the United States earns over \$12-
000,000,000, or two-thirds as much as all
the other three put together. If we were
not such magnificent spenders how we
should astonish ourselves in stupendous
savings. But spending makes consump-
tion, and consumption makes production,
and as we are the greatest consumers so
we are the greatest producers in the world.
Today we earn two-thirds as much as the
three great powers of Europe combined.
Soon we shall leap beyond them. From
1870 to 1890 Great Britain increased her
earnings \$1,000,000,000 a year, and France
the same, but our republic expanded hers
by \$5,000,000,000 a year.

"England's cotton only in the past been
the income of the world. In 1880 the pro-
duction of cotton manufactures was
but little more than half of hers. In 1890
it more than doubled her output. Her in-
crease was about \$7,000,000,000. Our expansion in in-
dustry has been twice that of Eng-
land. In many put together. Through
the manufacturing development we
manufacture over one-third of all that is
manufactured in the world, and we use
and consume the bulk of this colossal pro-

portion among our own people, who are
the best paid, best housed, best fed, best
dressed, best schooled people on the face of
the globe.

"In the great race of nations the powers
of the Old World are heavily handicapped,
while the lithe, supple, sinewy young
giant of the New World strides forward
free and unhampered. Their debts are
piling up; ours are melting away. Their
taxes are rising; ours are falling. Their
expenditures are frightfully swelling;
ours are relatively declining. Their pro-
ductive forces are stripped for arms and
armaments; ours are at the plow, the
forge, the loom and the exchange—the
tools of wealth and not of waste.

"England's taxes are 10 per cent. of her
earnings, France's 13 per cent., and Ger-
many's 10½ per cent., while ours are only
5 per cent. England spends one-sixth of
her local taxes and one-twelfth of all her
revenues for poor relief, and only one-
seventeenth for schools. The United
States spends one-sixth of all her national
and local income for schools, and the de-
mand for poor relief is only a beggarly
item. The contrast is the key of the future.

"And we are only at the threshold of our
development. Most of the growth I have
briefly portrayed has come within twenty
years. Who shall grasp the advancement
of the next twenty or thirty years, or pic-
ture the dazzling destiny of the next cen-
tury?"

Letters of regret were then read from
President Cleveland and Governor Mor-
ton.

YOUTHFUL TRAIN WRECKERS.

They Cause a Disaster in Which Two Lives
Are Lost.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Train No. 6,
the fast mail express on the New York
Central road, was wrecked about a mile
west of Rome. The disaster was the work
of train wreckers. The engine and all of
the cars on the train were ditched and
completely wrecked. The engineer of the
train, Nathan Hager, of Albany, and a
tramp named William Bond, of this city,
were killed. Bond's companion, John
Macey, had his left foot cut off, and six
others received injuries more or less serious.
No passengers were hurt.

The wreckers had broken open the com-
pany's tool house near by and obtained a
wrench and a crowbar, with which all the
spikes and fish plates from two opposite
rails on the southerly track had been re-
moved. The two released rails were left
in their places on the track.

Three young fellows, aged 18 to 19 years,
have been arrested for wrecking the train.
They are J. Watson Hildreth of New York
and Fred Bristol and Herbert Plato of
Rome. Hildreth has made a confession im-
plicating the other two, and Theodore
Hibbard, who has not been apprehended.
Their object was robbery.

Charges Against New York's Sheriff.

ALBANY, Nov. 20.—Henry Grasse, of
New York, has filed charges of malfeas-
ance in office against Sheriff Edward Tam-
sen, of New York county, and asks for his
removal from office. The petition charges
that the sheriff was guilty of negligence
and mismanagement in having incompe-
tent men about Ludlow street jail, which
resulted in the escape of the three post-
office robbers; that he unlawfully received
\$15 a week from these prisoners, for which
they received the liberty of the jail; that
he wrongfully employed James P. Arol-
bald as warden, who was arrested for in-
toxication while he held that position, and
that the sheriff extorted excessive fees
over what is allowed by law.

Fatal Collision on Brooklyn Bridge.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—A serious accident,
due to the dense fog, occurred on Brook-
lyn bridge yesterday. While on the way
to Brooklyn a train was forced to stop
about 200 yards from the Brooklyn sta-
tion. A train behind came along, and the
brakeman on the rear train, thinking all
was clear, went ahead at full speed. A
serious collision was the result. Several
cars were telescoped, and the conductor
and several passengers were severely hurt.
Thomas Cooper, the conductor, 28 years
old, had both legs cut off, and George
Grannit, a pharmaceutical student, 27
years old, had his left foot cut off and re-
ceived internal injuries. Both men died
after being taken to the hospital.

Rev. Hyatt Smith Probably Insane.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—The case pending in
the United States circuit court against
Rev. Frank Hyatt Smith, of Cambridge,
charged with sending scurrilous postal
cards through the mails, has taken a new
turn. His counsel now assert that he is
mentally deranged, and support the claim
by the affidavit of Smith's family physi-
cian. The feeling is that the case will
never come to trial, and that Mr. Smith
will finally be declared insane.

Collegians as Burglars.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The mys-
tery of the burglaries that have been baff-
ling the police for three weeks past was
solved yesterday by the arrest of C. C.
Humphrey, of Unadilla, and C. C. Miller,
of Batavia, two Union college students,
the former a sophomore and the latter a
freshman. A wagon load of stolen prop-
erty was found in the prisoners' room at
North college.

Young Beresheim Indicted for Murder.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Jacob Beresheim,
the 18-year-old boy who confessed to the
killing of the restaurant keeper Krauer
on the night of Nov. 9, was yesterday in-
dicted for murder in the first degree.

A CONDUCTOR'S BLUNDER

Caused a Terrible Trolley Car Ac-
cident at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 18.—A trolley car
carrying over twenty passengers, besides
the motorman and conductor, went
through the draw of the Central Viaduct
Saturday night, and dropped 101 feet into
the river below. Patrick Looney is the
only survivor of those who went down
with the car. He is at the hospital in a
critical condition. He says that his recol-
lection of the accident is not very clear.
The first intimation he had that an ac-
cident was to occur was when he felt the car
falling. Before he knew what had hap-
pened he became unconscious and remem-
bered nothing more until he came to at
the hospital.

On the rear platform of the car before it
made the terrible plunge were C. A. Fer-
guson, of Parma, O.; John Serliger, of
Dover, O.; Andy Radke and Jake Heller.
All jumped and were saved. Heller says
the car was going slowly, and that he
heard some one cry out "Stop the car,
stop the car." He also says there was a
woman on the platform, and that she
jumped safely away, but immediately cried
out that her daughter was in the car.

The Central Viaduct is a huge steel
bridge 3,000 feet long, made of iron. It
connects the heights and the prosperous
residence section on the South Side with
the business center of the city. Directly
over the river is a drawbridge of the pivot
swinging pattern, and this is 101 feet above
the surface of the water. The South Side
street railroad passes over the bridge, and
on either side of the draw there is a safety
switch, which, unless the conductor alights
and holds up a handle, will send a car
into the gutter instead of allowing it to
go on the draw.

All reports seem to agree that the ill-
fated motor car approached the draw just
as a vessel was nearing it, and the bridge
attendants had closed the big iron gates
and were preparing to swing the draw. As
is the rule, the car stopped, and the con-
ductor went forward to release the switch
in case the way was clear. An eye witness
declares that though the gates were closed
and the draw was already in motion the
conductor raised the switch handle.

The motorman applied the current and
the car shot forward and struck the gates
with a crash. There was only a moment's
pause, and then the heavy car ground its
way through the wreckage and plunged
over the brink into the black abyss amid
the screams and frantic struggles of the
passengers, who at the first intimation of
danger rushed for the rear door. The car
struck with a great splash, and then there
was silence.

The work of rescuing the bodies was be-
gun immediately after the accident, and
is still in progress. Thirteen bodies were
recovered during Saturday night, and this
was increased to fifteen yesterday, while
two more were recovered today.

Last night August Rogers, the motor-
man of the ill fated car, was charged with
manslaughter. This action was taken by
Chief of Police Hoshn, after he had in-
vestigated. Rogers declares that the con-
ductor gave him the signal to go ahead, and
that, as the current was on, he obeyed.
Ordinarily the swinging of the bridge cuts
off the electric current and the car lights
go out, but on this occasion the lights
were burning brightly. Rogers jumped
just before the fatal plunge.

It has been definitely settled that one of
the safe guards provided by the street rail-
way company at the drawbridge to pre-
vent accidents has been out of order for
three weeks. It was a device of levers, so
arranged that when the safety gates at the
approaches to the draw were closed the
current would be shut off for a distance of
500 feet on each side of the river. The wires
remained dead until the drawbridge was
closed and the gates were swung back to
the sides of the roadway. With the cut off
in working order a motorman could not
run his car to the river, and the absence of
power would be an infallible warning of
danger. Why the cut off has been allowed
to remain out of order is unexplained by
the street car company as yet.

The dead: James McLaughlin, baseball
player; Henry W. Mecklenburg, merchant
tailor; Edward Hoffman, conductor of the
ill fated car; Miss Bessie Davis, school
teacher in Sackett school; Harry W. Fos-
ter, clerk; Curt Lepelne, a schoolboy;
Mrs. A. W. Hoffman, 30 years old; Harvey
Hoffman, 7 years old; Mrs. Martha Pal-
mor, a dressmaker; Marie Mitcheen, 21
years old, a domestic; Gerlie Hoffman, 4½
years old; Louis F. Huletz, mail carrier,
aged 26; Mrs. John A. Sauernheimer, Mrs.
Minnie C. Brown, Augusta Sarinski, Mat-
thew Callinan and Miss Martha Sauern-
heimer.

Brutal Murder of Five Negroes.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Nov. 19.—A special
dispatch from Port Barrios, says: On Sun-
day morning guards discovered the bodies
of five negroes hanging six miles from
town. They were recognized as being some
of the negroes lately arrived here to work
on the railroad construction, but who be-
came dissatisfied and fled. An investiga-
tion was made, but nothing resulted ex-
cept that it was learned that the negroes
came from Louisiana. It is believed that
they were pursued by contractors and
troops and killed, so as not to allow them
to escape. The life of the negroes working
here is terrible. Many have been beaten
to death.

A WEEK'S NEWS CONDENSED

Thursday, Nov. 14.

At Gloversville, N. Y., a family of six
persons were poisoned by eating head
cheese. Three may die.

John T. Gray, who was marshal of the
Baltimore police force during the late war,
and who was in command during the riot-
ing at Camden Station in 1861, died in
Baltimore last night.

Edward Wemple, ex-congressman, ex-
state senator and ex-comptroller of New
York state, is under arrest at Amsterdam,
N. Y., charged with setting fire to several
places. He has a mania for arson.

The German warships Irene, Princess
Wilhelm, Cormorant and Kaiser have an-
chored outside Amoy, China, and it is re-
ported that they intend to occupy the
island of Quemoy as a coaling station.

Friday, Nov. 15.

A large white sloop capsized off Rocka-
way beach yesterday, and four men were
drowned. The name of the vessel was not
learned.

Alexander Aubin, aged 25, and Joseph
Lavelle, 45, were killed by the caving of a
sewer trench in which they were working
at Woonsocket, R. I.

The Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians
positively declined to accede to the pro-
posal of the Dawes commission to allot
their lands and abandon tribal relations.

The verdict of the lower court senten-
cing Captain Howgate to eight years' im-
prisonment was sustained by the Wash-
ington court of appeals, and he must serve
his time.

Saturday, Nov. 16.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough
left New York for Europe on the steamer
Fulda today.

A mob in Bogota was dispersed by the
soldiers, after a struggle, leaving twenty-
three dead and wounded on the field.

Senator David B. Hill, of New York, is
to go on the lecture platform. He opens
in Chicago Dec. 6. Subject, "Liberty."

Ex-Treasurer Clay, of Lawrence county,
O., was sentenced at Ironton to five years'
imprisonment and \$11,000 fine for stealing
county funds.

At Gibson, La., the boiler on Stanton
Brothers' hullboat exploded, killing one
man instantly and mortally wounding
two other men.

The force of the Berry detective agency,
nine in all, are under arrest in Chicago for
killing Frank White, an honest confec-
tioner, whom they mistook for Clarence
White, a crook.

Monday, Nov. 18.

President Cleveland has appointed Will-
iam W. Russell, of Maryland, secretary of
legation at Caracas, Venezuela.

Rev. Dr. Samuel F. Smith, the author
of our national hymn, beginning "My
country, 'tis of thee," died at Boston, aged
85.

Abram J. Rose, of New York city, has
been appointed a special assistant to the
United States attorney for the district of
New Jersey.

The Colt divorce case has been settled
out of court at Providence, R. I. The
\$200,000 damage suit against James J. Van
Alen will also be dropped.

John F. Jack, 16 years old, fell from an
upper story of the big Botz building in
Philadelphia, a distance of 125 feet, and
was crushed to a shapeless mass.

James Goings, colored, who assaulted
Miss Lillie Jones, white, near Frederick,
Md., Saturday night, was taken from jail
by a mob early yesterday morning, and
hanged.

Tuesday Nov. 19.

Portions of Colorado and Kansas were
visited yesterday by an earthquake shock
lasting ten seconds.

Martin Joyce and Andrew Patterson
were killed by an explosion at Pratt's as-
tral oil works in Williamsburg, L. I.

M. E. de Kotzebue, Russian minister to
Wurtemberg and Baden, has been ap-
pointed minister to Washington.

Citizens of Oklahoma will meet in con-
vention at Shawnee on Dec. 4 next to push
the territory's claims for statehood.

The United States supreme court denied
the appeal of Theodore Lambert, the col-
ored murderer of Camden, N. J., and he will
be sentenced to death.

Wednesday, Nov. 20.

Cholera has reappeared in St. Peters-
burg and other parts of Russia. Since
Nov. 6 nineteen fatal cases were reported
in the capital.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has can-
celled all his engagements to appear in
public before the opening of congress, on
the advice of his physician.

Large exportations of oranges is going
on from the state of Jalisco, Mexico, to
the United States, and the crop has been
bought by American fruit dealers.

The commission appointed by the Cho-
ctaw and Chickasaw Indian councils to
consider the propositions of the Dawes
commission report against accepting the
land in severalty.

Our New Minister to Switzerland.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The president
has appointed John L. Peak, of Kansas
City, Mo., United States minister to Swit-
zerland, to succeed Minister Broadhead,
resigned. He has also appointed Otto
Munchmeyer United States consul at San
Salvador.

Brothers Killed by Falling Rock.

OAKLAND, Md., Nov. 20.—Charles and
Henry Shaffer, brothers, were killed near
here yesterday by a fall of rock in a stone
quarry where they were employed. Both
men leave families.

THE LADY OF TEARS.

Through valley and hamlet and city,
Wherever humanity dwells,
With a heart too full of infinite pity,
A breast that with sympathy swells,
She walks in her beauty immortal.
Each household grows sad as she nears,
But she crosses at length every portal,
The mystical Lady of Tears.

If never this vision of sorrow
Has shadowed your life in the past,
You will meet her, I know, some to-morrow—
She visits all heart's stones at last.
To hovel, and cottage, and palace,
To servant and king she appears,
And offers the gall of her chalice—
The unwelcome Lady of Tears.

To the eyes that have smiled but in glad-
ness,
To the souls that have basked in the sun,
She seems in her garments of sadness
A creature to dread and to shun.
And lips that have drunk but of pleasure
Grow pallid and tremble with fears,
As she portions the gall from her measure,
The merciless Lady of Tears.

But in midnight, lone hearts that are break-
ing,
With the agonized numbness of grief,
Are saved from the torture of breaking,
By her bitter sweet draught of relief.
Oh, then do all graces unfold her;
Like a goddess she looks and appears,
And the eyes overflow that behold her—
The beautiful Lady of Tears.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

DELIVERED FROM EVIL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



"Supper ready, Naomi!"

"No, it ain't!"

David Pole had brought with him a breath of the cold outside air into the room where his sister was ironing. The young people were alike—tall, well-shaped, swarthy-complexioned, with regular features, and large, gipsy-black eyes, where the jetty lights seemed to swim at every breath.

A very old woman, cowering over the stove, had the same strange eyes, although her hair, under its close-fitted cap, was bleached snow white, and her skin was the color of old parchment.

"What ye got?" the crone demanded, as young Pole hung a bunch of birds on the table.

"Something for breakfast, granny," said he. "I've been hunting in Callet Woods. Not much luck, though. I say, Naomi, I wish you'd hurry up supper."

"What for? It ain't supper time yet, and I've got all the towels to do yet."

"O, bother the towels! I want to go over to Skene's Corners to-night and see Miss Stuart's new piano."

"Hump!" Naomi ironed away with redoubled zeal. "Miss Stuart's new piano, indeed! I wish Miss Stuart was further, and her new piano, too! But you're like all the rest, Dave—a new face turns your head. Hessie Holt and her poor little parlor organ ain't much account now."

"En? What ye talkin' 'bout. Who's Miss Stuart? Is Hessie Holt's organ out o' tune ag'in?" crooned out the old woman by the fire.

"Granny don't know," said Naomi. "I guess she's the only one that don't. Miss Stuart, granny? Why, she's the latest fashion at Skene's Corners. She's the new schoolma'am. Ask our Dave if you want to know all about her. Ask any of the young fellows!"

"Ask John Classon!" added David, eagerly. "Naomi's jealous—that's what ails Naomi."

Naomi compressed her full red lips and ironed resolutely on. The old grandmother fell into a sort of doze and nodded over the stove. David Pole too, the lantern down from its nail against the chimney-piece.

"If I can't get my supper here," said he, "I'll get it over to Classon's. I'll look after the cattle first."

"You'll get it here if you wait till supper time!" sharply spoke Naomi.

"I don't choose to wait."

"Then don't."

David Pole bit his lip.

"An' I'll take care to let John Classon know what a sweet tempered sister I've got," said he.

"John Classon nothing to me," retorted Naomi.

"And never will be, I guess."

Naomi uttered a vexed exclamation—her over-heated iron had left its triangular impress on a fringed, red-bordered towel.

"Somethin' burnin'!" squeaked granny, starting from her doze.

And in a moment David was gone.

"He can do as he pleases," thought Naomi, vindictively. "There's nothing but cold pork and pickled beets for supper, anyhow. Perhaps they'll have somethin' better at Classon's. Mirandy's a good cook."

She put the tea steeping in a little earthenware pot; she took the irons off the stove, put away the clothes horse, and began, in a spiritless way, to set the table for the evening meal.

The clock had just struck six, and granny was stirring the homely brown sugar into her first cup of tea, when a gentle knock sounded on the warped panel of the outside door. Naomi rose to answer the summons.

A beautiful young woman, with red-gold hair, large light-blue eyes and a complexion as delicate as a roseleaf, stood there, wrapped in a scarlet and black plaid shawl.

"Miss Pole!" she said, hesitatingly. Naomi inclined her head stiffly.

"Yes," said she, "that is my name."

"I am Eda Stuart."

Again Naomi bowed frigidly.

"And," hesitated the new school-teacher, with a smile that might have melted the earthenware Chinaman on the lid of granny's teapot, but which produced no sort of effect on Naomi Pole. "I've started out to visit a sick pupil—Louisa Ledyard—and I'm afraid I've lost my way. I hadn't any idea it would grow dark so soon, and I must be back by seven o'clock, for I expect some friends to try a new piano that I have had sent me from Boston. Your brother has half promised to come, Miss Pole. Won't you accompany him?"

"David isn't at home," said Naomi, with a sideways glance at the road down which her brother had strode some ago. "And I don't care nothin' about pianos."

Miss Stuart colored, and shrank back. She felt as if this hard, handsome brunette had slapped her in the face.

"Perhaps, then," said she, "you can tell me the nearest way home. It's quite dark, you see, and," brushing some white, needle-like particles out of her face, "it's beginning to snow."

"Keep right along the path till you come to the old stone tavern," said Naomi, indifferently. "Then turn to the right, and it ain't more'n half a mile, or maybe three-quarters!"

The bright-tressed girl still lingered on the doorstep.

"I am not very well acquainted with the roads around here," said she. "If you could send a boy to show me?"

"We don't keep no boy," said Naomi. "And we've no one to send."

Again Miss Stuart recoiled.

"Good-evening!" she said, gently. "Good-evening!"

And Naomi banged the door shut.

As she sat eating her supper, and helping granny to fresh supplies of home-made bread and butter, a sudden thought darted into her mind.

In giving Miss Stuart the directions for finding her way back to Skene's Corners, she had forgotten the young stranger's total ignorance of the neighborhood characteristics.

It was true that the regular road branched off to the right of the ruined pile which had once been an old stone tavern; but there was also a disused thoroughfare which led through a dismal swamp, toward a long abandoned stone quarry, across a rotten corduroy road, which had nearly sunk into one of these frightful, quaking bogs which sometimes appear in dense and swampy woods.

To one unaccustomed to the local topography, it might be perilously easy to stray off into the weed-grown and deserted track, especially when everything was whitened with fast falling snow.

Naomi sprang up and went to the door. She looked out, with one hand held above her eyes.

"Am I losing my wits?" she thought. "Of course I cannot see half a dozen rods down the road; it's dark as pitch, and snowing into the bargain. Let her go her own gait! I ain't responsible!"

A sudden light blazed in her eyes, as if Satan's self had flashed a lurid bomb-shell across her soul. John Classon, her own "steady company," had been dazzled—at least so spoke the tongue of popular rumor—by the glitter of Eda Stuart's sea-blue eyes. She, the late belle of Skene's Corners, was quite out of fashion now!

Eda had danced every dance at Squire Marbury's corn-husking, and Naomi had sat by among the wall-flowers, her heart swelling with secret anger.

Though Naomi hated the beautiful blonde, she rose up again and reached down the lantern that David had replaced on its hook by the kitchen chimney.

"Granny," said she to the dozing old woman, "I'm going out a few minutes."

"En? What?" shrilly questioned granny. "Be you a-goin' to see the new forte-pianny? B you bewitched arter the new schoolma'am, too?"

Naomi made no reply. She lighted the lantern, bundled a shawl around her head, and rushed out into the frozen darkness.

It was snowing hard now; the wind rustled the pine trees with a mournful sound, and had nearly blown out the faint beacon of Naomi's lantern until she sheltered it with her shawl.

She gained some distance by climbing nimbly over a stone wall and traversing a stubby meadow, instead of following the windings of the road, and presently arrived, panting for breath, at the ruined stone tavern.

She held the lantern high above her head and looked around. Nobody was visible. She called aloud, "Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!" No answer came.

For one second she hesitated; then, changing the lantern from one hand to the other, she started on a run down the disused track until she came to the spot where here and there a partially submerged log betokened the former traces of the corduroy road.

Was that something white that moved against the dazzling whiteness of the storm?

Once more Naomi called:

"Miss Stuart! Miss Stuart!"

"Oh, is that you? Do come here and help me!" a terrified voice answered. "I stepped on a broken log, and I think the ground must be swampy here; the

log seems to be sinking in. But I've got tight hold of a young birch tree."

Naomi sprang to the rescue. Eda had already set her feet upon the doomed spot. In another moment the rescuer would have been too late!

With a strength at which she herself afterward marveled, Naomi seized Eda around the waist and lifted her out of the morass.

"Do you know," she gasped, "that you have been standing face to face with death? Do you know that you have wandered out of the road into the Shaking Bogs?"

Eda's face, in the glimmer of the lamplight, was very white.

"And you have saved me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, how can I ever find words to thank you?"

"Never mind that now," said Naomi, in the old, brusque way. "Let us make haste back to Skene's Corners. It's snowing faster every moment, and your feet are wet in that awful morass. Look. Here's where you missed the right road. Of course you couldn't be expected to know that this old track was closed up long ago, and I didn't remember to tell you. There are the lights of Skene's Corners now. Can you see them glisten-
ing through the snow flurries?"

"But you are coming with me?"

"No. I must hurry back to granny. But," she hesitated and flushed deeply—"you will kiss me just once to—show—that—we are friends?"

By way of answer, Eda flung both her arms around Naomi Pole's neck and showered a score of fragrant kisses on her cheeks, lips and brow.

"Friends," she cried, passionately, "forever!"

"It's high time you were here, Naomi," petulantly uttered old Granny Pole, "when here has John Classon been a-settin' half an hour before the fire, waitin' for you to come back!"

John Classon colored a little as he held out his broad, sunbrowned hand to Naomi.

"You see," said he, "Dave came over to our house to see my Cousin Hessie, and—and I thought it would be a good chance to tell you what I've wanted to tell you so long. Can't you guess what it is, Naomi?"

It was late when Dave came home. Grandma Pole had long been abed and asleep, but Naomi sat before the dying fire, thinking.

"Hullo, Naomi! you up?" was Dave's off-hand greeting. "I've got news for you. I've engaged myself to Hessie Holt, and if the crops turn out good next year, my wife shall have as good a piano as Miss Edith Stuart!"

Naomi held out her hand; the limpid black depths sparkled in her eyes.

"I'm awful glad, Dave," said she. "I'm sorry I was so cross with you to-night; but my heart was so sore. I thought Miss Stuart had charmed John Classon's love away."

"And hadn't she?"

"He has never thought twice of her, Dave," spoke up the exultant girl. "He cared for me, and me only, and to-night he asked me to be his wife."

The brother and sister talked late and lovingly together, while the clock ticked behind its screen of asparagus and the snow built up feathery barricades against the outside of the window panes; and when Naomi laid her head on the pillow her last thought was that of gratitude that she had listened to the trumpet call of conscience and hastened to Edna Stuart's rescue.

"For after all," pondered Naomi, "she was no rival of mine, and—and I think it's likely I shall be married before she is."

And as she repeated her prayers, one phrase lingered sweetly in her drifting dreams:

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!"—Saturday Night.

Fox Terriers Guard the Elephants.

The visitors to the Central Park menagerie in New York City, often wonder why fox terriers are always to be found in the enclosures with the elephants. It is simply because if they were not there the rats, which are many and large, would eat off the feet of the elephants. The elephants are chained, and when they lie down they can't keep the rascally rodents from gnawing their feet. So a fox terrier is kept in with them whose business it is to see that the rats are kept away, and to kill as many as possible. The elephants appreciate the dog, too. And lately the rats have begun to gnaw holes in the thick hide of the rhinoceros. So a terrier was placed in with this beast, and in one night killed twenty-seven rats. Rats, by the way, are one of the greatest pests which the keepers have to fight.—Boston Transcript.

Plants Living Without Earth or Water

A number of plants have the singular power of living a long time without water, and without any connection with the earth. Dr. Torrey found a root with some signs of life in a herbarium long after it was collected, and hence we have Lewisia rediviva. The Rose of Jericho is a plant not distantly related to the wild carrot, which draws itself out of the ground and rolls into a ball, driven by the winds and then spreads, roots and grows under the first rainfall. In Mexico, Arizona and Texas, is a club moss which also dries into a ball, and is sold in curio stores as the "Resurrection plant." It develops in earth or water after a six months' drying, just as well as if nothing had happened.—New York Independent.

A SARATOGA CO. MIRACLE.

HELIUMS FOR YEARS AND EX-
CLUDED FROM HOSPITALS
AS INCURABLE.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF CHAS. QUANT AS INVESTIGATED BY AN ALBANY (N. Y.) JOURNAL REPORTER—A STORY OF SURPASSING INTEREST.

Albany, N. Y. Journal, March 12th.

SARATOGA, March 11th.—For some time past there have been reports here and elsewhere in Saratoga County of a most remarkable—indeed, so remarkable as to be miraculous—cure of a most severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of a popular remedy known as "Pink Pills for Pale People," prepared and put up by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ont.

The story was to the effect that Mr. Chas. A. Quant, of Galway, who for the last six or eight years has been a great sufferer from creeping paralysis and its attendant ills, and who had become utterly powerless of all self-help, had, by the use of a few boxes of the Pink Pills for Pale People, been so fully restored to health as to be able to walk about the streets without the aid of crutches. The fame of this wonderful, miraculous cure was so great that the Evening Journal reporter thought it worth his while to go to Galway to call on Mr. Quant, to learn from his lips, and from the observation and testimony of his neighbors, if his alleged cure was a fact or only an unfounded rumor. An 180 he drove to Galway and spent a day and a night there in visiting Mr. Quant, getting his story and interviewing his neighbors and fellow-townsmen. It may be proper to say that Galway is a pretty little village of about 400 people, delightfully located near the centre of the town of Galway, in Saratoga County, and about 17 miles from Saratoga Springs. Upon inquiry the residence of Mr. Charles A. Quant was easily found, for everybody seemed to know him, speak well of him, and to be overflowing with surprise and satisfaction at his wonderful cure and restoration to the activities of enterprising citizenship. For Mr. Quant was born in Galway and had spent most of his life there. Mr. Quant was found at his pretty home, on a pleasant street nearly opposite the academy. In response to a knock at the door it was opened by a man who, in reply to an inquiry if Mr. Quant lived there and was at home, said: "I am Mr. Quant. Will you come in?" After a little general and preliminary conversation and after he had been apprised of the object for which the Journal reporter had called upon him, at request, told the story of himself and of his sickness and terrible sufferings, and of the ineffectual treatment he had had, and of his final cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and cheerfully gave assent to its use for publication. He said: "My name is Charles A. Quant. I am 37 years old. I was born in the village of Galway, and, excepting while traveling on business and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. My wife is a native of Ontario. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For twelve years I was a traveling salesman for a piano and organ company and had to do, or at least did so, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in enough 'worn beds' in country houses to freeze any ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distressed in my stomach and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took all the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, and feeling that I was rapidly growing worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, pads and all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, and I spent hundreds of dollars for them, but they did me no good. (Here Mr. Quant showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear for which he paid \$124.) In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, so I went to Atlanta, Ga., and acted as agent for the Estey Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my disease, and the only relief I could get from the sharp and distressing pains was to take morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York hospital on Fifteenth street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hun frantically tried to cure my case; but he said that he could do nothing for me and that I had better take my leave and save my money. But I was determined to make a trial of Prof. Hun's famous skill and remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not retain food, and I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany hospital they put 17 big burns on my back one day with red hot irons, and after a few days they put 14 more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better; lost control of my bowels and water, and upon advice of my doctor, who said there was no hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Imperance, had after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians been pronounced incurable, and was paid the \$1000 total disability claim allowed by the order in such cases. Some months after Mr. Marshall began a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health.

"I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for two boxes of the pills and I took them according to the directions given on the wrapper on each box. For the first few

days the cold baths were pretty severe, as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of pills I began to feel beneficial effects from them. My pains were not so bad; I felt warmer; my head felt better; my food began to relish and agree with me; I could straighten up; the feeling began to come back into my limbs; I began to be able to get about on crutches; my eyes came back again as good as ever, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills—at a cost of only \$4.00 each—I can, with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days I walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable."

Other citizens of Galway, seeing the wonderful cure of Mr. Quant by the Pink Pills for Pale People, are using them. Frederick Sexton, a sufferer from rheumatism, said he was finding great benefit from their use, and Mr. Schultz, who had suffered from chronic dysentery for years, said he had taken two boxes of the pills and was already cured.

Mr. Quant had also tried Faith cure, with experts of that treatment in Albany and Greenville, S. C., but with no beneficial results.

A number of the more prominent citizens of Galway, as Rev. C. E. Herbert, of the Presbyterian church; Prof. James E. Kelly, principal of the academy; John P. and Harvey Crouch, and Frank and Edward Willard, merchants, and many others to whom Mr. Quant and his so miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are well known, were pleased to have the opportunity of bearing testimony to the high character of Mr. Quant, and of verifying the story of his recovery from the terrible affliction from which he had for so long a time been a sufferer.

Truly, the duty of the physician is not to save life, but to heal disease.

The remarkable result from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the case of Mr. Quant, induced the reporter to make further inquiries concerning them, and he ascertained that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of study and careful experiment. They have no rival as a blood-builder and nerve restorer and have met with unparalleled success in the treatment of such diseases as paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus's dance, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling which affects so many, and all diseases depending upon a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are also a specific for trouble peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

On further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in bulk by the hundred), at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment.

Home of the Horse.

By a great many people Arabia is supposed to be the home of the horse. From ancient Roman, Grecian and Jewish history we readily learn that the horse was unknown in Arabia long after he was a common factor in the life of Southern Europe.



Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, biliousness, headache, STOMACHIC CURE cures kidney difficulties, La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
QUICKLY CURES
COLD IN HEAD
Apply Balm to each nostril.
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DR. O. P. BROWN'S
GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,
HERBAL OINTMENT
cures DISEASE through the pores, removes circulation, breaks inflammation, banishes pain. 25 and 50 cents. Druggists or by mail.
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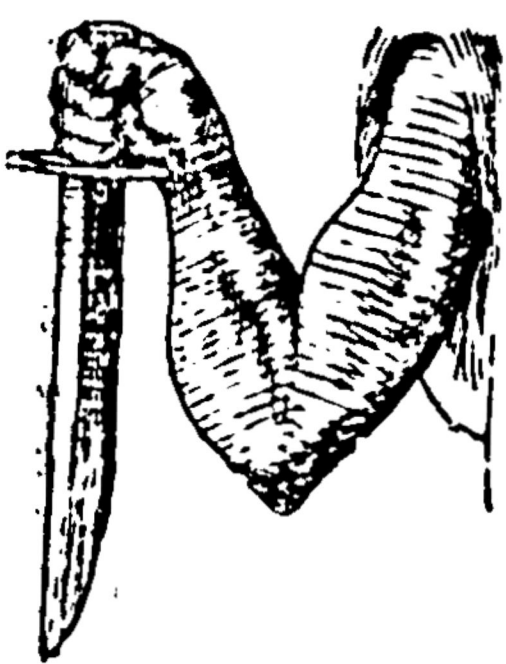
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CURED TO STAY CURED.
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EMIR SAMORY.

A PICTURESQUE FIGURE IN WEST AFRICA.

From a Slave He Rose to be the Absolute Ruler of a Million and a Half of People—Vanquished by the French.



NEWS has been received that the Emir Samory, who has cut a greater figure in western Africa within the past fifteen years than any other native, had been defeated by the French and was a fugitive from his capital. There seems no doubt, says the New York Sun, that this prestige and power have at last been destroyed. The French have vanquished their most bitter and formidable enemy, a man who rose from a humble slave to be the ruler of a million and a half of people and of a country in the western Soudan, east of Liberia and Sierra Leone, that is larger than most European States.

Lieutenant Colonel Humbert left France in September last to organize an expeditionary column against Samory. His base of operations was the French post of Siguir, upon the Upper Niger. His objective point was Bissandugu, the large capital of Samory. On January 1 he left Siguir with a force of a little over 1000 men, of whom 140 were Europeans, and 600 were Tirailleurs, or trained Senegalese soldiers. On January 6 he reached Kankan, and a little beyond that town he found the enemy determined to stop his progress toward the capital. Samory had been getting ready for the struggle. He had purchased a large number of guns from British merchants at Sierra Leone. The French complain bitterly that munitions of war were provided from British territory to be used against them.

Colonel Humbert's force was attacked

by about 15,000 of Samory's warriors. The attacking force was strong enough in numbers to annihilate the advancing column, but the French had this great advantage: Their guns could be used effectively, nearly twice the distance at which the arms in the hands of the enemy were serviceable. They had besides Maxim guns, cannon and other improved weapons which made them more than equal to almost any native force that could be brought against them.

In the first fight the forces of Samory were completely defeated and fled from the field, leaving many dead behind and sixty of the guns they had bought of the English in Sierra Leone. The little European contingent came out of the fight almost without a scratch. They then advanced on their way to the capital. In front of Bissandugu Samory had marshalled his force for a desperate struggle. The fight was a hard one. Samory lost 150 killed and 300 wounded. The French loss was ten killed and fifty-three wounded. Bissandugu fell into the hands of the French, who entered in on January 12, while the vanquished Samory, deserted by his own friends, fled toward the south.

The story of Samory is a remarkable one. When a little boy he was given as a ransom to the Marabout Sory Idriss for a woman who had been made captive by that chief. The boy early showed that he had remarkable abilities. His intelligence, courage, and talent for intrigue made him, while still a very young man, the chief adviser of the Marabout. But Samory saw before him a greater future than any his master could give him. At that time the power of the great Mahammad, who had consolidated many of the little States of West Africa into a powerful empire, had fallen to pieces after his death. Samory looked about him for an alliance among the revived States which was worthy of his abilities and would give him a chance to carry out his ambitious projects. He suddenly deserted his master and offered his services to Bitiki, the King of

his life, for if he showed any signs of fear it was probable that every member of the embassy would be slaughtered. The next morning he went to the palace gates with his entire embassy and guard, and demanded an audience with the Emir. The party were finally admitted, and with the French flag flying at their head, they marched into the presence of Samory as he sat surrounded by his officers of state, the women of his household, and 200 of his guard. Then the Captain spoke through his interpreter:

"Almany Emir Samory, a Captain of the French Army, speaks to you in the name of France, which he was sent here to represent. He will read to you now the treaty which the ruler of the French commanded him to have you sign. You will hear all the articles. Then you can reflect on them; but if, as yesterday, you address to the representative of France insulting language, he will destroy the token of friendship which he was told to give you, and will tear in pieces the flag now behind him, which is the insignia of his mission, and will throw the debris at your feet. There will then be war between the French and you, a war with Corong, who was glad to have the young man join him. He had no reason, however, to rejoice in his acquisition, for the wily Samory, by his skilful intrigues, completely crushed the power of his new master, placed himself on his throne, and began his conquering career."

He seized the country of Konadugu and killed its king. The large district of Koni voluntarily surrendered to the conqueror. Then soldiers from all the little States far and wide began to flock to Samory to place themselves under the patronage of the rising star in West Africa. He laid siege to Sanankoro, his native town, and by a brilliant assault captured its fortress. The most important kingdom in West Africa, Wassulu, surrendered to him without a blow. Finally an alliance with the Mandigos made him by far the most redoubtable chief out of the upper Niger. In the course of his triumphs he attacked his first master, defeated him in battle, made his old patron a prisoner, and the unfortunate chief soon succumbed to the

to the French. One day, in the presence of his counselors, he told Captain Peroz in an insolent tone that his son had been in Paris, where he was received as an equal by the President of the French Republic and the Ministers of State. It was a fact that one of the sons of France's former enemy had been taken to Paris after the cessation of hostilities and had been made the lion of the day by the newspapers.

"This Captain," continued Samory, "and the Colonel who sent him here, are merely servants of the men in France who have received my son as their equal. If the Ministers wish to make a treaty with me, let them come themselves, and not treat with the ruler of a country that is much larger than France, though one of their servants. Now go to your quarters," he concluded, and Captain Peroz withdrew from the palace grounds, while on every side the soldiery and people showed by their menacing looks that the lives of the little party of strangers were in danger.

Peroz passed a sleepless night, but before morning he had decided what to do. It was evident that he must beard the lion in his den, even at the risk of out mercy, and God will decide the issue."

Samory has great powers of self-control. During this violent speech he did not betray by a movement or a gesture any sign of anger or of perturbation. Extending his arm to the Captain he said: "Sit down."

"The servants of France do not sit," replied the captain, "when they speak in the name of their country."

Samory made a gesture of indifference. "Go on; I will hear you," he said.

The interpreter then read the treaty in a loud voice. When he had finished Captain Peroz dictated to him the following remark:

"Almany Emir Samory, you have heard the wishes of the President of France. Here is the copy of the treaty. Meditate upon it. I shall now return to my camp. I will await your response until the eighth day from this time. If at that time you do not express regrets for the insults you have offered to France in my person, and if you do not express a wish to reopen negotiations upon the basis of this treaty, I shall quit your empire, and we be to the men of your country who pass the fords of the Niger behind us."

The guards and counselors of Samory seized their guns and needed only a look from their master to massacre the little party. A gesture from their ruler reduced them to order.

"Now go," he said to the French, "and I will order all the gates to be opened for you."

The next day the counselors of Samory came to the Captain to express their regrets for the unpleasant incidents that had occurred, and to offer to reopen the interrupted negotiations. The Captain replied that it was impossible, for he had just sent a report to his superior officer of the unpleasant occurrences, and would be compelled to await his response before reopening negotiations. Eight days later a letter was received from Colonel Gallieni fixing upon March 25th as the day for signing the treaty. By that act Samory was to abandon all his provinces upon the left bank of the Niger and place his entire country under the protection of the French Government. The great difficulty had been the reluctance of Samory to surrender his provinces upon the west of the Niger. His white enemies, however, have been too much for him, and he was compelled to submit to the inevitable. Thus the treaty was cramed down his throat, and it was under these circumstances that Samory became a vassal of France; and that Government has since called the 1,500,000 people whom Samory ruled with a rod of iron its subjects.

Samory, however, has chafed under the yoke, and about a year ago he resumed his aggressions. His rebellious attitude has become more and more pronounced, and it was evident months ago that it would be necessary utterly to



THE EMIR SAMORY.

break his power. Last year Colonel Archinard made a vigorous campaign against Ahmadu, the ruler of Segou, who, next to Samory, had been the greatest enemy of France. His strongholds were captured, and the once powerful chief is now a fugitive on the border of the Sahara. Having rendered Ahmadu harmless, the French turned their attention again to Samory.

It is likely that we have heard the last of Samory as a great factor in the affairs

of West Africa. The once humble slave was long the absolute ruler of a large territory. He gained his ascendancy in part through the zeal with which he promulgated the tenets of Islam. He pretended to be an apostle, specially commissioned by Mohammed to extend his faith. Those who know Samory say he is not religious, and that there was no sincerity in his expressed desire to convert all the people of his country to Mohammedanism. He found, however, that religion was a serviceable tool with which to advance his interests, and he could be as pious as any one if it served his purpose to assume that role.

Applying the Death Penalty in Spain.

Speaking of a recent execution by the garrote in Spain, the San Francisco Examiner describes the method of capital punishment in that country as follows:

The platform upon which the garrote was erected was surrounded by a rough wooden railing, inside of which was a strong detachment of police and troops, who had no trouble in keeping the people back. Upon the scaffold there were four wooden partitions, in each of which was a stake. Attached to each stake there was a metallic collar which is put around the criminal's neck. Behind the collar is a screw which is turned until its point crushes into the spinal column, causing almost instant death.



A SPANISH EXECUTION.

The old way of executing criminals in Spain was to tie a cord about their necks and then twist it with a stout piece of stick until the victim was strangled to death. The present system is considered to be a great improvement on the old plan.

Dresses for Girls.

A child's dress of cheviot in gray and brown mixed plaid entangling a dark red thread has a smart little jacket covered with stripes of dark red velvet opening over a yoke waist of the cloth, with a belt of velvet. The skirt is bordered with velvet.



Another pretty little dress is of goblin blue wool with three stripes of black braid edged with a thread of gold as a border for the skirt, and a trimming for the deeply pointed girdle. Three rows of the braid surround the arm-holes, too, and the deep cuffs are covered with it. These dresses are suitable for girls from twelve to fourteen years old.—New York World.

Wild Rice.

Wild rice is a native of our Northern and Western States, valuable as a forage plant for swamps and inundated lands. Stock of all descriptions are fond of it when green and also when used for fodder. It is also an attractive bait for wild fowl. It grows very rapidly in from one to five feet of water, ripens late in August or early in September. It is sometimes sown in fishponds. Formerly the Indians of the lake region of the Northwest made great use of it as an article of food by gathering it in their canoes and curing it for winter food. Some of the leading seedsmen quote it in their catalogues. Thorburn gives the following directions for sowing it: Put the rice in coarse cotton bags and sink them in water for twenty-four hours. Sow in water which is from six inches to five feet deep, in soft mud bottom, and in places where there are but few weeds. It is useless in sowing this seed except on a mud bottom, or on low marshy places which are covered with water the year round.—New York World.

The bulk of the Japanese revenue is derived from the railroads and telegraph lines which it owns.

News Notes FOR WOMEN

The long glove is again in fashion. The poke-bonnet has been revived. Very elaborate are the newest buttons. Sleeves have lost some of their height. Crete, Neb., has a young ladies' cornet band.

Red gloves are the "correct thing" at present.

The chief caterer in Washington is a woman.

In gloves all shades of the dress goods are a mode.

Picture wires are now made in colors to match the wall paper.

Crape is almost entirely discarded by ultra fashionable mourners.

Morning gowns for summer wear are used to lavishly display Grecian embroideries.

London society journals refer to the Princess of Wales's mourning as very "beautiful."

Many women of English aristocratic circles are wearing mourning for the Duke of Clarence.

Bonnet strings are to be quite broad, and will be tied squarely under the chin in a very large bow if desired.

A very wide belt and very big buckle is the latest addition to feminine street costume by the women of Paris.

In all-wool, as well as silk goods, there is a decided tendency to light up the delicately-toned background with dashes of color.

The widow of ex-President Salomon, of Hayti, who has lately died in Paris, leaves a daughter who is a student of medicine.

Miss Mary Reed, an Ohio lady, who went to India as a missionary, is a victim of leprosy, and is hopelessly wasting away in a leper village in the Himalayas.

The hair dressing of ladies was an expensive affair in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth at one time was possessed of no fewer than eighty attires of false hair.

Miss Louise Ward MacAllister, the new Vice-Rector of the New York Daughters of the Revolution, is a tall, dark young woman, with a plain face but a most stylish figure.

Margaret Shaw, a niece of the Rev. Anna H. Shaw, will be the first woman graduate in civil engineering to receive a diploma in that course from the University of Michigan.

Judging from the newest designs there is going to be a good deal of difficulty this summer in distinguishing between a girl dressed a la mode and a lattice-work fence with flowers trained over it.

The very latest conceit in hair-dressing is to wear a single, old-fashioned signet ring as a coiffure ornament. A coil of hair is passed through the circle, holding it firmly in any desired position.

Mrs. Sangster, the editor of Harper's Bazar, is said to be as attractive on the lecture platform as in the editorial chair. She has a very musical voice and a sincere and graceful manner of speaking.

Women are now admitted to the lecture-rooms of the universities of Vienna, Berlin and Leipzig. At the University of Zurich, in Switzerland, they are permitted to take degrees.

The old-fashioned brass cornices are coming back into style, and the reign of the curtain pole is drawing rapidly to a close. In five years more we will find that no curtain poles will be used over windows.

In only five States has a mother absolute legal right to the custody of her own children. These are Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oregon and Washington. In all other States the right of fatherhood is paramount.

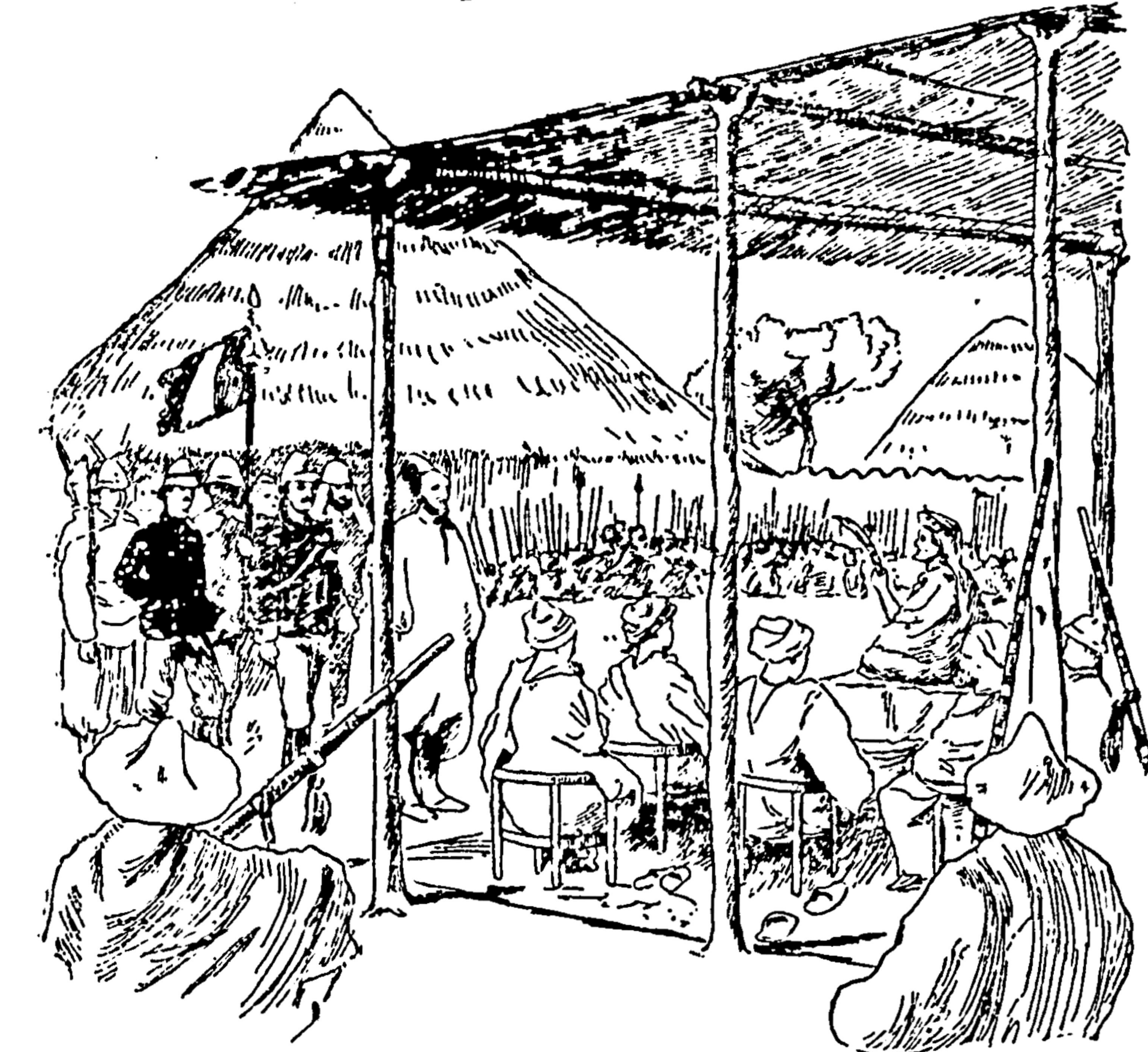
Hilda R. Gracer, a pretty, smart and wide-awake Montreal (Canada) girl, just entering into womanhood, follows the business of a customs broker in Cincinnati, Ohio, and can give points to the boys in making it a success.

Refined toilets for the coming season find expression in the quiet gray gingham which are decorated with brocaded designs in black and white. Collars and cuffs of black velvet add materially to the charm of this particular mode.

Jean Nelson won the first place in the oratorical contest at De Pauw University, Indiana, which has 1200 students. She is the only woman who has attained this distinction, and she is but nineteen years old. Her subject was "Industrial Freedom."

Caroline Kelly has been for some years the designer of interior car decorations in one of the largest car-building establishments in the country and the first manufactory to employ women as decorators. Twenty or more young women work under Miss Kelly.

The first woman chemist in Paris, France, has just taken her first-class degree. She will have to serve three years as an assistant before practicing in her own name. She is a native of France, which is unusual, as nearly all students of medicine and pharmacy in Paris are foreigners.



CAPTAIN PEROZ ANNOUNCES HIS ULTIMATUM TO SAMORY.

by about 15,000 of Samory's warriors. The attacking force was strong enough in numbers to annihilate the advancing column, but the French had this great advantage: Their guns could be used effectively, nearly twice the distance at which the arms in the hands of the enemy were serviceable. They had besides Maxim guns, cannon and other improved weapons which made them more than equal to almost any native force that could be brought against them.

In the first fight the forces of Samory were completely defeated and fled from the field, leaving many dead behind and sixty of the guns they had bought of the English in Sierra Leone. The little European contingent came out of the fight almost without a scratch. They then advanced on their way to the capital. In front of Bissandugu Samory had marshalled his force for a desperate struggle. The fight was a hard one. Samory lost 150 killed and 300 wounded. The French loss was ten killed and fifty-three wounded. Bissandugu fell into the hands of the French, who entered in on January 12, while the vanquished Samory, deserted by his own friends, fled toward the south.

The story of Samory is a remarkable one. When a little boy he was given as a ransom to the Marabout Sory Idriss for a woman who had been made captive by that chief. The boy early showed that he had remarkable abilities. His intelligence, courage, and talent for intrigue made him, while still a very young man, the chief adviser of the Marabout. But Samory saw before him a greater future than any his master could give him. At that time the power of the great Mahammad, who had consolidated many of the little States of West Africa into a powerful empire, had fallen to pieces after his death. Samory looked about him for an alliance among the revived States which was worthy of his abilities and would give him a chance to carry out his ambitious projects. He suddenly deserted his master and offered his services to Bitiki, the King of

hardships of his captivity. All these events advanced to the highest the power and military prestige of Samory. He compelled the King of Bissandugu, now his capital city, to beg his pardon for the resistance he had offered, and to proclaim himself his vassal.

The empire of Samory up to the time of his defeat in January by the French was very extensive. It was composed of 160 of the former little States of that part of Africa. It was limited on the north by the empire of Segou, on the west by the possessions of the French on the upper Niger, and the territory of Liberia and Sierra Leone. Still this immense territory did not suffice for his ambition. He coveted the entire western Soudan, and this greed for the acquisition of territory made him for five years most troublesome to the French. For two years he waged almost incessant war with the French outposts along the Niger. Nothing but the superiority of their arms and military discipline prevented him from sweeping them out of the country. But while invincible among native Africans, the French were too strong for him. At last, after sustaining, for the first time in his career, defeat after defeat, he sued for peace, and five years ago a French Embassy was sent with a strong escort to Samory's town, Bissandugu, to sign a treaty with its former enemy.

The embassy was received in a most hospitable manner and was lavishly entertained. No town so brisk, so large and handsome was to be found throughout that part of Africa. Samory's horsemen and foot soldiery made an imposing spectacle on parade, and the Chief did all he could to impress his visitors with an idea of his power. The French mission was led by Captain Peroz, who had been delegated by Lieutenant-Colonel Gallieni to negotiate the treaty.

As the business went on perplexities arose, and at last Samory assumed a haughty mien, and it was evident that the embassy was in danger. He declined to surrender his Niger provinces

AT DAWN.

A white mist rises from the thrilling earth.
And in the east a tender flush is creeping;
Faint, myriad voices spring to sudden birth.
Where, but a moment since, the world was sleeping.
As spreads the light o'er verdure vested hill,
The pulpitant murmur of day's chorus swelleth;
Till every bird and every dancing rill
The jubilant lay of wakened nature telleth.
So in the heart love's roseate dawn appears,
With flush and thrill and presage of rare splendor,
Glad voices chime a requiem to tears,
And love-notes swell an anthem rich and tender
O youth! O life! O love! thou light divine
That all life's path illumines with golden glory:
Fair is the dawn that sees thee rise and shine,
And sweet the notes that sing thy tender story.
For through the clamor and the heat of day,
Thy steady flame within the heart still shines,
Will glorify all things of common clay,
And lend to earth a beauty past defining.
—Minnie Quinn, in New York Independent.

MRS. BUSBY'S IDOLS.

BY HOPE DARING.

MR. JOSEPH BUSBY eyed the sky as he leisurely walked from the barn to the house. The morning sun was veiled by a fleecy mist, while low in the southwest a bank of dark gray clouds was visible. After his prolonged scrutiny, Mr. Busby pondered the matter. It was not until he had washed his hands and face on the back kitchen porch and entered the room where his wife was taking up the breakfast, that he said:
"Pears like it might rain."
"That is what you always say if there's a clod in the sky," Mrs. Busby said tartly; "I'll thank you to lift that boiler on, just the same."
"Goen to wash? It's most certain to rain."
"Let it rain. I haven't any patience with such weather," and Mrs. Busby rushed down cellar after a pitcher of cream.
Her husband never hurried. He put the boiler carefully on the stove, built up a good fire, and, in obedience to a gesture from his wife, took his place at the table.
Mr. Busby always thought before he spoke. This time, after a brief but earnest blessing, he devoted himself to ham, eggs and potatoes for five minutes before saying in his usual drawing voice:
"That was a powerful sermon of the elder yesterday, Mirandy. I always thought that text about Ephraim being joined to his idols might apply to some of us. Most everybody has idols of some sort or other."
Mrs. Busby stirred her golden brown coffee reflectively. "Perhaps so. I hope the people who needs it took Mr. Ranton's fine application. As for me I once had an idol, but God took it."
There was a pause. The thoughts of both husband and wife traveled to the parlor where hung the picture of a child, a wee maiden with laughing blue eyes and dimpled arms. It was the picture of little Leah, their only child, whose death twenty years before had left the old farm home desolate.
Mr. Busby's heart was too deeply stirred by memories of his child to speak. But when a dash of rain came against the window pane his wife exclaimed crossly:
"There, it's raining. And if I don't wash Monday, nothing goes right all the week."
"Taint an idol, is it, Mirandy?" The good man of the house pushed back from the table. "Now, it don't seem just right to be so set as you air on doen your work exactly as you want to. It pears to me it might be an idol."
"What an idea! Just look there, Joseph. See that dirty spot on the tablecloth where you've rubbed your old coat sleeve. This tablecloth was clean yesterday morning and now it must go in the wash, making three this week. I do wish you would be more careful."
"Why, now, Mirandy, I'do try to be careful. I wish you would use colored tablecloths. I thought you bought some turkey red ones."
"Yes, I did buy them," and a look of disgust crossed the face opposite Mr. Busby. "But I want it understood I am not going to use 'em. I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll set my table with anything but a white cloth," and she stroked the glossy linen approvingly.
"I know, Mirandy, but maybe that's another idol. You see, you think a sight of such things."
"Now, Joseph Busby, if you are going to talk such nonsense as that, you better get to work. Just see there,

the sun is shining. So you see it was right for me to wash after all."
"Maybe so," and the eyes of the simple-hearted man softened as he looked through the east window at the sun-kissed young foliage from which the rain drops were yet falling. "Maybe so, Mirandy. You air an uncommon woman and have been a good wife to me for twenty-seven years. You hain't got many idols, Mirandy, not half as many as I have. But this always think your way is best—"
"See here, Joseph Busby," there was an undertone of almost fierceness in her voice. "I think such twisting of the Scriptures is sinful. If I have idols, I can tend to 'em, that's all," and Mrs. Busby strode into her bedroom and shut the door violently.
When she returned to the kitchen she was in possession of the field. Joseph had gone to his work.
"High time," she sniffed; "idols, indeed!"
She put her clothes to soak, and carrying her dishes into the pantry began washing them. Her thoughts were not pleasant ones; the frown on her face told that. The window before which she stood was covered with a thick growth of morning glory vines. A few of the daintily twisted buds, unheeding the threatenings of storm, had opened their pink, blue and white cups and peered in at the flushed face of the worker. But Mrs. Busby was too busy, too disturbed by her husband's words, to notice their beauty.
"I don't see what possessed Joseph to say that," she said, as she began rubbing her clothes. "I gave up the only idol I ever had twenty years ago."
She stopped abruptly.
"Of course, it's that letter," she went on, after a brief pause. "But he is wrong. It isn't idols that keeps me from doing my—"
Again she stopped. She had almost said duty. A week before a letter had come from a little town in Kansas to Mr. Busby. The letter contained news of the death of Mrs. Emma Hale, a distant cousin of Joseph's. Mrs. Hale was a widow and left one child, a boy, two years old. The writer, a neighbor of the dead woman, went on to say she could care for the child no longer, and if his relatives did not come for him he would be sent to the poorhouse. Joseph pondered the matter a day and a night. He then coolly proposed sending for the child, and adopting it. His wife flatly refused. What—a two-year-old baby, to make litter on her clean floors and upset her orderly plan of life?
"You must be crazy, Joseph," she said, severely. "If it was a girl now, and big enough to be out from under foot, I might think of it. But there hain't any use talking about it."
Joseph Busby rarely opposed his wife, even in so small a matter as talking, when she bade him be silent. However, this time he said:
"We air grown old, Mirandy. The baby would be something to love us."
These words came back to Mrs. Busby as she bent over the wash tub. Did she and Joseph need something to love them? She thought of the rambling old house with its many rooms, of the fertile acres surrounding it, and of the comfortable bank account. Then her mind wandered to the distant cemetery where a white marble cross marked her baby's grave.
"I couldn't give Leah's place to another," she whispered. "And yet he might make a place for himself. Oh, my baby, I miss her still."
Withdrawing her hands from the suds, Mrs. Busby crossed the sitting-room and entered the parlor. No one knew, not even her husband, how many troublesome questions the mother settled before her child's picture.
She opened the blinds and looked long and earnestly at the laughing baby face.
"Do you want me to, dear?" she asked tearfully. "Do you want me to take a noisy, troublesome boy into this home? Is it an idol, Leah, my wanting everything so quiet and orderly?"
Ten minutes later she was back at her washing. The parlor blinds were closed and all things were as they had been excepting Mrs. Busby's eyes; there was a new light in their gray depths. At half past nine the last clothes were on the line. Returning from hanging them out, Mrs. Busby found a neighbor, Mr. Vance, at the door.
"I've been down to the station," he said, "and the 8 o'clock train brought a baby for you, or Busby, rather."
"A what?" demanded Mrs. Busby, catching her breath.
"A baby." It was plain to see that Mr. Vance was enjoying the situation. "A woman who was going East on a visit brought it from Kansas. Said it belonged to some of Busby's folks. She left it in care of the ticket agent, and he sent it over by me. It's down to the road in my wagon, and a trunk, too. The little fellow has cried most ever since the woman left him."
Mrs. Busby took down her green gingham sunbonnet and prepared to follow him out to the wagon without a word.
"Was you expecting it?" Mr. Vance asked, somewhat disappointed at her quietness.
"Not to-day," she replied briefly. It was a plump, but tear stained little face that met her eager gaze.

There were great blue eyes, a rosy mouth, and closely curling yellow hair. But the child was unmistakably dirty and began crying again in a piteous fashion.
Mrs. Busby held up her arms. "Come to auntie, dear," she said coaxingly. "You want some bread and milk, don't you, and to see the dear little chickens?"
At the same leisurely gait of the morning Mr. Busby again traversed the path from the barn to the house. Miranda's line of snowy clothes drying in the sun brought to his mind the conversation of the morning, but he expected no reference to it from his wife. A surprise awaited him. The table was laid for three, and at the guest's place stood a clumsy little high chair that for twenty years had stood empty in an upper room. And on the floor sat a happy faced child surrounded by clothes pins, empty bottles, a disused candlestick and a like collection of impromptu playthings.
"Who is that, Mirandy?"
"Joey Hale Busby," was Miranda's prompt reply, and picking up the child, she put it in her husband's arms. "There, Joey, dear, make friends with Uncle Joseph. He is the dearest little fellow," she went on, "so cunning and not a bit afraid."
"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.
The story was soon told.
"Of course, we'll keep him, and do the best we can by him," Mrs. Busby said by way of conclusion. "Dinner is ready and the green peas and custard pie will taste good to little Joey. I guess you were right 'bout my idols, Joseph," stopping to fasten a towel around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, "but they are overthrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey."
"You air a remarkable woman, Mirandy," Mr. Busby said, wiping his eyes. "I have always said you was a remarkable woman, and I'm a leetle afraid I am makon an idol of you." —New York Observer.

WISE WORDS.

The most respectable sinners are the most dangerous ones.
When a wise man steps on a banana skin he learns something.
Don't be a saint in church and a heathen on the street car.
He who would pry behind the scenes off sees a counterfeit.
A poor man doesn't have to put his pocketbook under his pillow.
It is not the loss itself but the estimate of the loss that troubles us.
The winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators.
You can work out a good character faster than calumny can destroy it.
It is not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart.
Our idea of a wise man is one who knows a good thing when he has it.
We always watch a man who groans a great deal about the sins of others.
Avarice is to the intellect and the heart what sensuality is to the morals.
There is a wide difference between true courage and a mere contempt of life.
That which renders life burdensome to us generally arises from the abuse of it.
What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.
One of the hardest things in the world is for a man who is stuck up to get down. —The South West.

Women Swimmers.

Professional swimmers have shown us what is possible to woman in the water under the conditions of constant practice and training to which they are accustomed. Ladies in ordinary life, however, are capable of doing very much more than most people would realize. The other day three young ladies of Berlin—one, the daughter of the head master of a well-known gymnase, and the other two, daughters of a Berlin professor—took it into their heads to swim across the Muggel Lake, where it is two miles wide. The arduous journey occupied an hour and ten minutes. Sometimes the Muggel Lake is very dangerous owing to roughness, and good male swimmers have been drowned in it, to say nothing of narrow escapes to swimmers. —New York Journal.

Salaries of English Clergymen.

English clergymen's salaries are not as high as is commonly believed. In Crookford's clerical directory for this year statements of the actual value of 8636 benefices out of 13,243 in England are given. Of these 638 are worth \$500 a year or less, 2748 more \$1000 or less, 4219 less than \$2000, 792 less than \$3000, 173 less than \$4000, forty-three only \$5000 or less, and twenty-three more than \$5000, six being above \$7500 and but one of these above \$10,000. The nominal value in the case of the other 4897 benefices is for nearly 3000 less than \$1500, and for a thousand more less than \$2500. In addition to this income, however, the incumbent has the use of a house, and in the country at least of a garden.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Gossip.

Hoops and bustles are imminent! Mrs. K. B. Henry, of Boston, has been a commercial traveler for nine years.
Prussia has just decided to throw open medical colleges and degrees to women.
Countess Castellane (nee Anna Gould) has joined the ranks of Paris women cyclists.
It is against the law in Norway for girls to marry until they can knit, bake and spin.
Professor Huxley's wife has been granted a pension on the British civil list of \$1000 a year.
Mrs. Hearst, of California, has a collection of laces which rivals that of the Queen of Italy.
Mrs. Frances Hodgson Barnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," makes all of her own dresses.
Lady Londonderry gives an annual prize to the one of her tenants who has the neatest and best kept garden.
Mme. Casimir-Perier has organized a crusade against the use of birds' breasts and wings for decorative purposes.
During the past year the Empress of Austria has shown decided signs of recovery from her long fits of melancholy.
Queen Victoria spends most of her time at Osborne in a tent on the lawn, although she takes a six-mile drive each day.
The German Methodist Conference at Milwaukee, Wis., voted unanimously against admitting women to conferences.
Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, General Custer's daughter, read a poem at the Atlanta fair on Blue and Gray Day, September 21.
A priest of a prominent church in Paris says that he will give communion to no woman who presents herself at the altar in bloomers.
Mrs. Lizzie M. Frost, of Monmouth, Me., runs a grist mill. She turns on power and watches the machinery while her husband writes poems.
The Princess Eulalie, who made such an impression at the World's Fair, broke one of the bones of her ankle while playing tennis the other day and is going on crutches.
Rhoda Broughton, the English novelist, is a lover of roses, and her little old house in a little old street in Oxford has a walled garden overrun with rose bushes and latticed vines.
Mme. Dieulafoy, of Paris, has worn men's clothes since 1870. She goes to balls in a swallowtail coat, with her hair clipped close to her head, yet she is called "exquisitely womanly."
When putting gloves on always begin by buttoning the second button. Then when the glove has been buttoned to the top the first one can be easily buttoned without tearing the kid.
Teresa Brambilla, the original Gilda in "Rigoletto," died recently in Milan at the age of eighty-two. She was one of five sisters, all noted singers, of whom she and her sister Marietta were the most celebrated.
A Sister of Charity is the first woman to receive a decoration in Holland. She was made a Knight of the Order of Nassau-Orange by the two Queens of Holland during their recent visit to Overysel.
The Catholic University at Washington has decided to admit women as pupils in all the higher studies, including science, philosophy and art. They will also be admitted to all the lectures in the regular and special courses, but they will not be matriculated or awarded degrees.

FASHION NOTES.

Flowered chameleon silks and satins, cross-barred with wide black satin lines, make elegant fancy waists, with black velvet or black satin trimming.
The cloths of the season show a rough surface in almost every instance. Checks and plaids are shown, but always with the surface deeply indented, and the fibre plainly visible.
Tweeds and serges will always be standard goods. They are serviceable for all costumes requiring a good, durable weave, and have the merit of being obtainable at very moderate prices.
An importer of velvet ribbons states that sales of velvet ribbon this year have been far ahead of those of the first months of 1894. The demand is principally for linen-back, heavy silk-faced grades in widths from No. 1 to No. 7.
The latest shape is like a handkerchief with a hole out in it for the neck. One point lies on the back, one in front and one on each shoulder. There is no visible opening. Sometimes very fine lace is used for these mouchoir collars, and, quite as often, fine lawn, mull, etc., trimmed with quantities of lace.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

A KNOWLEDGE OF FOODS.

The advance made in knowledge of foods, their preparation and effects in recent years is something wonderful, and undoubtedly much remains to be learned in all these directions, as well as in others relative to domestic economy, especially in our wastefulness. Americans do not know how to use material in the saving manner of a number of Nations, the French and Chinese for example. A Frenchman will prepare the head and feet of a chicken in the most palatable and nutritious manner. Among the more important kinds of food eaten here are wheat, corn, milk, buckwheat, beans, peas, potatoes, beef, cabbage, apples, chicken, veal, mutton, pork, codfish, eggs and oysters. The time of digestion varies from two hours to five and a quarter hours, apples and codfish requiring the shorter time and pork the longer. Wheat, beets, potatoes, eggs and oysters each require three and a half; corn and buckwheat, three hours and a quarter; peas, beef and mutton, three hours; cabbage, four hours and a half; chicken, two hours and forty-five minutes; milk, two hours and a quarter. In regard to the cooking of meats, it has been said that the gridiron is typical of the advancement of civilization. Beefsteaks should not be pounded in the barbarous fashion employed by some cooks. A thick, juicy, clean-cut steak should be held as closely as possible to the hot coal and turned quickly in order that all the nourishing juice should be kept inside. Salt should not be used until after the meat is cooked, as it hardens the fibres and renders the meat dry, tough and tasteless. Those who are either too thin or too fat should make a careful study of themselves and their foods and eat accordingly. A cheerful disposition, free from care and worry, will go far toward helping in the assimilation of food, without which it were useless to hope for flesh. A person inclined to corpulency should exercise freely and avoid fats, oils and vegetables which contain starch and sugar in large quantities. Foods for fleshy people to avoid, of which they should use very sparingly are fresh bread, butter, milk, sugar, sweet potatoes, fat meats, corn, poultry, cake, sweetmeats and liquids. Attention to one's diet can accomplish more for health than many people yet know. —New York Telegram.

RECIPES.

Fishballs.—Pick fish left over from breakfast, mix with half quantity mashed potatoes, tablespoon fine bread crumbs soaked in water, pepper (salt necessary) and one egg. Shape in balls and fry.

Boiled Codfish.—Soak the fish overnight in cold water. In the morning boil till tender, remove from fire but let remain in the kettle. Make gravy of a tablespoon butter, heaping tablespoon flour and boiling water. When boiling put in a teaspoonful dry mustard and some salt. Chop one hard-boiled egg fine, mix in gravy and serve in gravy dish. Serve fish on hot platter.

Peach Blanc Mange.—Peel eight peaches, cut in four parts, removing stones. Boil one cup sugar with or pint water, put in peaches, let boil up dip out the fruit. Have one-third a box gelatine soaked in cold water stir into the sirup, stirring till dissolved. Flavor with lemon. Put peaches to heat once more. Place mixture in a nice dish to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

Cucumber Salad.—Peel and slice very thin. Put in a soup plate in layers with salt between. Put another plate bottom-down on top, with weight on. Let stand for one hour pour off the salt water and mix with one-half teaspoon ground white pepper, two teaspoons sugar (may be omitted), one teaspoon parsley, chopped fine and white vinegar most to cover. Put in salad dish and leave alone for one hour, then serve.

Swedish Beef Soup.—Boil a good soup bone and some meat left from other meals together with one carrot, one parsnip, one-half turnip, green onion and some celery in enough water to make the necessary quantity. Mix one egg, three-fourths cup milk, teaspoon sugar, pinch of salt and enough flour to make a stiff batter. When the soup is ready salt to strain it and bring to a boil. Add one-half teaspoon at a time of the batter in the soup and boil till done.

Beef Rolls.—Take round steak of half inch thick, cut in pieces of three inches, salt and pepper one side. Cut fat pork in stripes as long as pieces, put one strip on each piece roll together and tie with a fine string. Cut a good-sized dry onion in six pieces, fry in wide kettle, then plenty of grease in and brown rolls, turning once. Pour boiling water on, cover and cook slowly. When done remove strings. Make gravy by adding some flour to grease in the pot and thinning with boiling water. Strain over the rolls in a hot dish.

A girl baby born the other day at Kokomo, Ind., is the fourteen daughter of a fourteen daughter, a record which is thought to be unprecedented.

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Women in Danger.

There is an old saying that one never knows a woman's true character till he sees her in a moment of danger—and seldom then, might be added.

A couple of young ladies were on top of the Mills Building the other day. One walked boldly to the very edge of the roof and gazed steadily into the street below without the thrill of a nerve or the quiver of a muscle.

"Brave girl, that," observed the signal officer. "Stout-hearted and fearless. She'll make some man a good wife. Huh! Look at that other one," he exclaimed in disgust, as the stout-hearted girl's companion shrunk back and cried hysterically:

"Oh, hold me! I want to jump off!"

"What a little fool!" said the signal officer. "A baby is to be petted. Wants to jump off! You couldn't pull her off there with an ox team."

They were just starting down the narrow stairway when somebody shouted:

"There's a mouse!"

The brave girl, who had stood unflinching at the edge of a high roof, let out a wild scream and rolled to the bottom of the stairs, while her companion laughed till she was almost hysterical.

"Girls are all fools," declared the cynical signal officer.—San Francisco Post

The markold goes to sleep with the sun and remains quiescent until sunrise.

Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tablets insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box.

The Venus fly trap produces juice that to nearly insects is a deadly poison.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch Ills., April 11, 1894.

Every ancient hero and god had a flower especially consecrated in his honor.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The Hindoo chronology extends to 6147 B. C.; Babylon, 6158 B. C.; China, 6157 B. C.

Dr. Kline's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N.Y.

Mr. Gladstone's favorite drink is an egg beaten up in sherry.

FITZ stopped tree by Dr. Kline's GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The saffron is valuable as a dye. It grows wild in many parts of South Africa.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. With rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength, and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. \$1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

P. N. U. 43



If your wife is over-worked,

Do all you can to lighten her household cares.

Begin to-morrow by sending home a package of

Hecker's Buckwheat.

It means for her a half hour more sleep in the morning. A buckwheat breakfast can be prepared in a moment you know.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in the sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! Sold by J. & S. New York.

FARM GARDEN

THE CABBAGE CROP.

Keep the fall-planted cabbages growing by cultivating them when the land is sufficiently dry to permit of this being done. After they have started vigorous growth a top dressing of nitrate of soda, at the rate of 100 or 150 pounds to the acre, will be found most beneficial. It will induce growth which will enable the plants to distance all the efforts of the cabbage worm to check them.—Southern Farm.

TREATING SEED WHEAT TO PREVENT SMUT.

For each ten bushels of wheat take one pound bluestone and dissolve it in about three gallons of water. It dissolves best in boiling water. Heat one gallon, which will dissolve it, then add the other two. Now spread on barn floor or wagon box ten bushels of wheat, take an old broom and sprinkle and turn until all the grain is wet. Leave in a pile over night for next day's sowing, or prepare in morning for afternoon sowing. Set the drill for about one peck more per acre, as it will not run quite so freely as before treating.—American Agriculturist.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH.

This variety of lily may be grown either in soil or water. The former method is for ordinary garden culture, in which the bulbs are set out in a dry part of the garden in rich soil, with plenty of leaf mold in it, and four inches below the surface. To avoid danger from hard frosts the bed is covered with leaves, held in place by some fine brush or pine boughs. For water culture, the dry bulbs are set on the top of a glass vase or bottle, made for the purpose, with the bottom just touching the water, in late October and on until December, so that there may be a succession of bloom through the winter. After the bulbs have bloomed they may be set out in the garden to ripen for the next year's growth. In the garden this pretty plant blooms early in the spring. The bulbs may be set out in the open ground next month.—New York Times.

HOW TO KILL CHICKENS.

A novel method of killing chickens is being introduced abroad. Instead of sticking, bleeding, cutting the head off, etc., one takes the fowl in the left hand by the legs, catching the points of the wings to prevent the fowl from flapping. He lifts the fowl up, the head hanging downward. With the right hand he takes the head, catching the neck between the first and third fingers, the thumb being on the face. The fingers must not crush the head, but must feel the bone at the back of the head firmly. Death is caused by lifting the left hand and pulling down the right with a quick jerk, thereby dislocating the neck at the very point where it joins the head.

Death is instantaneous if done properly, which can be told by feeling the neck, which ought to be quite soft and entirely detached from the head, so that there is nothing but flesh and skin between the thumb and finger. By this method there is no flow of blood, but the blood is allowed to run into the head, which is carefully kept hanging down until after the bird is plucked.—New York World.

CARING FOR BROOME CORN.

The broom corn crop is of vast importance, and it is quite proper to give some consideration as to how the crop may be best cared for.

Quality and condition control the value of broom corn as well as other commodities, and best condition can be especially obtained by following certain rules and methods in caring for the crop. Cutting should be done before the corn is bleached out, as color is essential, and when green the brush possesses advantages both in attractiveness and for working. When cut corn should be, as soon as possible, hauled under cover, and have the seeds removed by running through the scraper. This done, it should be placed on shelves so arranged as to admit of a free circulation of air. In about ten days, if the weather is dry and all conditions are favorable, the corn will be ready to bale. It should be thoroughly examined, however, to see that it is dry and cured.

After the broom corn is thoroughly dry, the next step is to bale, and this operation should receive great care and attention, there are too many shabby and lop-sided bales received annually, and it bothers those who handle them to keep them from falling apart. It being of great importance to keep the ends of the bales square and smooth, the brush should be handed to the packer in small lots, the butts of which, having been evened by striking down upon a table or other smooth surface, and the one who places the brush in the box of the press should take care to keep the butts up close against the ends of the box and the brush properly lapped in the interior. Use No. 9 fence wire, five to the bale, and it is not a bad

idea to have a lighter wire to tie at each corner, and press sufficiently to have a good, compact, tight bale which will endure the long journey and the handling. No matter how carefully and successfully every step in the production of the brush has been performed, the profit of the crop will depend, other things equal, upon proper baling. Great care and attention should be given to have the seeds removed; there is too much fraud practiced by baling up trash, seeds and crooked corn in the bales with straight brush. Bale the crooked by itself.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A PLEA FOR THE SKUNK.

Skunks are more useful to the farmer than most people are willing to admit, says W. W. Maxim. They have always been regarded as nuisances and wantonly destroyed. Here in New England for the last ten years the white grub has made terrible havoc with the grass fields by eating off the roots just beneath the surface of the soil. In some places large areas are entirely destroyed, not a green spear of grass being allowed to grow. In other localities there are large spots entirely killed and the remainder more or less injured, making the grass very thin where there is any. These worms are the larvae of the large brown beetle called the June bug.

The skunks, where they have been allowed to live, have dug in and eaten these grubs in vast numbers, the crows also assisting them greatly in the good work. Last year the beetles were not so numerous as in former years, owing no doubt to the depredations of these two agencies.

Skunks do no damage to field crops to speak of, their only mischief consisting in depredations on chickens and eggs during the night, and that could all be avoided if the farmers took proper care of their poultry. There are other depredators that would seize them if left exposed. There is no excuse whatever for leaving chickens overnight where skunks can have access to them. They cannot open doors nor climb up after eggs in the nest boxes. Instead of killing skunks for these reasons, a farmer had better look after his poultry.

The skunk will not leave any scent unless attacked; in fact, they are as harmless as cats and much more so than dogs. I have had them come into the barn in daytime while I was at work, passing by me so close that their long shaggy fur almost brushed my legs. I fed them every day with bits of meal, when they would sit down within two feet of me and eat it. They would walk about among the poultry, never offering to touch one of them. They kept this up through the spring until the ground was bare, when they disappeared. They find plenty of mice and grasshoppers in the fields and pastures in some seasons of the year, but the early spring months while the snow covers the ground seem to be the hardest time for them. I think the virtues of the skunk have not been duly appreciated.—Germantown Telegraph.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Bright, red combs, clean plumage, plenty to do, indicates good health, and also shows that the use of condiments is necessary.

Early and close culling are the two principles upon which, to a very considerable extent, success depends in improving the poultry.

Dr. McClintock, of the University of Michigan, has been making experiments with hens' eggs, and finds that many of them are infested with deadly bacteria.

Excessive gum on cherry trees seems to be due to lack of potash. At least a bushel or so of unleached wood ashes worked well into the soil about the roots of a tree that was badly affected caused it to heal over smooth, grow vigorously and bear abundantly.

So often the side branches of farm work fail to pay because carried on negligently. A dozen hives of bees should bring the farmer as much revenue as a ten-acre wheat field. The return the care of his chickens would bring is underrated, and even the children are not trained to a proper interest in them.

It is often a good plan to turn the poultry into the clover field. Clover is generally well occupied by insects, which gives the hens something to hunt for, and it is also rich in minerals, containing a large proportion of lime. Soft shell eggs are not likely to be laid by hens running in a clover field, unless the hens are very fat. All kinds of fowls thrive on clover, and as it is a cheap food it will pay to let them have the run of the field.

Eggs gathered up here and there about the farm cannot be relied upon as fresh. As far as possible the hens should be obliged to lay in the poultry house, and the eggs gathered up several times a day, so that there is no chance for a stale egg to be packed up unknowingly. If the hens are permitted to lay in the fence corners, under the barn, or in the out buildings, the out-of-the-way nests are likely to be overlooked when the weather is bad or one is in a hurry, and thus the stale egg gets into the basket and spoils the reputation of the poultry man.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Flying Mice.

The flying mouse is a recent discovery in the Cameroon country of Africa. It is a link between the bat and the true mouse, has a tail like a mouse and heavy gray fur, while its wings are not so well developed as those of the bat.

Mollie—"Do you like trolley parties?" Dollie—"I just love 'em. You know I'm engaged to one; he's a motorman."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Early Birds.

It's the early birds that catch the worm, with the proverb, but what a foolish worm it is to get up so early and be caught. Some of our farmers are the early birds. They go forth at dawn to catch up, as they call it, and they catch something else. Tramping through wet grass and stubble on cold, damp, frosty mornings like these, and going thus all day thereafter, brings to scores of them what they were not looking for. They come home in the evening to suffer all night with rheumatism. Now, while men must work, they need not suffer. Why should they when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will keep them all right? A good rub at night with it will so strengthen and heal the muscles they will resist the influence of the cold and dampness, and a man will be cured before he knows it. Let this be tried for a while, and if the man is not cured it is only because he hasn't the patience to rub the pain out.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Every saint in the calendar is said to be provided with a floral emblem.

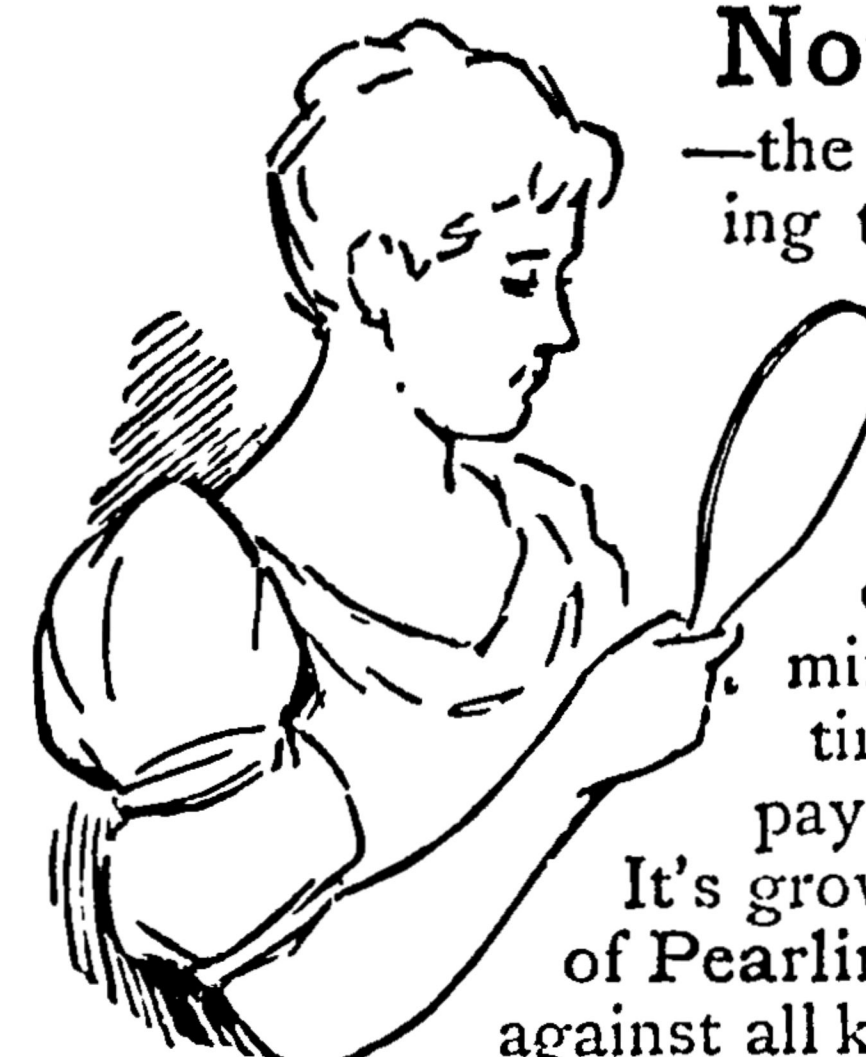


ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Nothing to complain of

—the woman who uses Pearline. Nothing to complain of in the washing and cleaning line, anyway. And certainly the proprietors of Pearline can't complain. If you only knew how many women, every day, are making up their minds that the old, wearing, tearing, tiresome way of washing doesn't pay!

It's growing bigger than ever—the success of Pearline; though it has to fight not only against all kinds of poor imitations, but against a sort of superstition that anything which can save so much labor must be harmful in some way.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.

"The best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid Imitations of and Substitutes for

SAPOLIO

LINEE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINEE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for 5c. Name and address. Address: REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 17 Franklin St., New York, 37 Elder St., Boston.

P. N. U. 43

95



RUPTURE Cured

POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE. Worn night and day. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. Illus. Cat. sent securely sealed by U. V. House Mfg. Co. 74 Broadway, N.Y. City.

CONSERVATIVE—RESPONSIBLE.

Have you money in bank, earning but 4 per cent? Put a little of it in GOOD STOCKS and during the next six months you may make many times the amount of interest. I seldom have so good a market to trade in, and advantages I possess should enable me to make a great deal of money for my customers during the next year. Send for references and full information.

HOWARD SLADE, 74 Broadway, N.Y. City.



\$3 A DAY SURE.

SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; we will teach you the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully. Remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work. Absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 111, Detroit, Mich.

JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. I am Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. I was in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

ITCHING PILES MYERS' Solid Extract Witch Hazel cures them, 25c. and 50c. pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Lima, O.

Guaranteed Installment Debenture Bonds You pay \$1 per month for 12 months, we guarantee \$100. Write us. English-American Loan & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1895.

A Mysterious Case.

From Thursday evening's Columbia News we learn particulars of the accident that befell Jacob S. Little, of Hanover.

"Jacob S. Little, of Hanover, was brought to Columbia this morning from Bainbridge on the 8.30 o'clock train, accompanied by William Stumpf, the P. R. R. track-walker, of that place.

"The young man was removed from the railroad station to the hospital. He is badly cut about his head and face, and no doubt suffers from internal injuries of a serious character. Little is delirious and can give no intelligible account of how he received his injuries, which may prove fatal.

"To a reporter Mr. Stumpf stated that on Tuesday night about ten o'clock he found Little wandering along the streets of Bainbridge, his face covered with blood. When he questioned Little he could give no account of himself, other than that he ran into a tree. The man was evidently delirious, caused by the wounds on his head.

"Little was taken to a hotel near by, where he was attended by Dr. Wentz, of Bainbridge. The man continued to grow worse, and his removal to the hospital was advised.

"From papers on his person it was learned that his name is Jacob S. Little, son of John E. Little, of Hanover. He is probably 20 years of age, and wears a small black mustache. He is a barber by trade, and carried a receipt for rent paid in McSherrystown, Adams county, for a room in which he conducted his business. He also carried a photograph of a prepossessing young woman, taken by Roshon, in Harrisburg. On the paper around the photograph was written in a feminine hand the name "Carrie May" Hixon, Waynesboro, Pa."

From other papers in his pocket it was learned that he at one time worked for the York Safe and Lock Company. He also carried a contract made with the J. H. Moore Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, made April 5, 1895.

"The supposition is that Little was stealing a ride on a freight train and fell off, receiving the injuries as stated above."

A Negro Fiend Hung Up.

FREDERICK, Md., Nov. 17.—James Goings, a young negro, begged food at the residence of Hamilton Geisbert, near this city, yesterday afternoon. After eating voraciously, he assaulted Miss Lillie Jones, whom he discovered, was alone in the house. In overcoming the girl's resistance, the negro broke her nose and cut her with a razor.

He was arrested and held for a hearing on Monday. Later he was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged to a tree, on which, a few years ago, the negro Bigus was lynched for a like dastardly crime.

It was early in the afternoon when Goings knocked at the back door of the farm house of Hamilton Geisbert, about a mile from town. Miss Lillie Jones, a domestic, answered the summons, and responded to his appeal for something to eat by giving him a good meal. He ate ravenously and repaid the girl's kindness by assaulting her. She finally escaped from the house screaming for help. Mr. Geisbert was close at hand, and, as he appeared, the negro fled. When Mr. Geisbert reached Miss Jones she was unconscious, lying in the yard, her face badly bruised and cut.

Half a dozen neighbors were quickly on the trail of the negro fiend. They caught him in the city, and Sheriff Zimmerman took him to jail, a strong stone structure, which would, it was thought, withstand the attacks of the mob. Mutterings and threats of lynching were heard during the evening as the assault on Miss Jones began to be generally known. Crowds began to congregate on the street corners, many of the men coming in from the farm lands in the country. The report reached the city at 11 o'clock that the woman had died from the cuts and beating inflicted by the negro, and this infuriated the men. There was no noise nor shouting, but a quiet determination to avenge the poor domestic was seen in the faces of the sturdy farmers as they looked up at the jail windows.

Shortly before midnight the word was passed among the 300 persons, and the whole body moved toward the prison. As the leaders reached the stout oaken side door Sheriff Zimmerman raised a window and fired his revolver, but no one was hurt. He also

rang the jail bell for assistance, but none came.

In an instant the jail door gave way before the infuriated citizens. A moment later a dozen stalwart men were hammering at the door of Goings' cell. While the negro crouched in a corner piteously begging for mercy, the bars of his cell door were wrenched from their fastenings. Then he was dragged out of the jail. Someone climbed an electric light pole and tore off a rope which supported a lamp. A noose was thrown over Goings' head and he was hutsled out of town into an open field.

As the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree which had one heretofore been used by lynchers, a Salvation Army lassie, who had kept by the side of the doomed man, regardless of the fact that he was about to be hanged for an assault on one of her own sex, asked permission to pray for him.

It was a solemn moment. Stern-faced men paused, while the negro, with the rope about his neck, crouched down by the tree. Beside him knelt the brave little woman, and tears dimmed the eyes of many as she offered up a last petition for the condemned man. After a short prayer the woman arose and disappeared in the darkness.

A moment more and Goings was suspended in midair. A single shot was fired. Someone, mercifully inclined, sent a bullet into Goings' body. It pierced his heart and ended his agony.

A member of the mob made a brief speech, in which he said that they were there with the unfortunate wretch, not in a spirit of malice, but to make an example of him, and to teach his race that they must let the women of Frederick County alone.

Call and see our stock of LADIES COATS. Prices from \$1 up.

At Stock's.

Dr. Baldwin removed a grain of corn removed from the nostril of a four-year-old child of Mrs. Lizzie Anderson, residing two miles from Stewartstown, York county. The grain of corn had been in the nostril about ten days and had a sprout half an inch in length when removed.

Special Bargains in Blankets and Comforts, at Stock's.

A RELIABLE WOMAN WANTED.

We want a reliable woman in every county to establish a corset parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichols' celebrated Spinal Supporting Corsets and "Double from End to End" clasps, with Asbestos Lined Bust Protector. Every pair warranted not to break or rust, absolutely impervious to moisture or perspiration. A new pair given for every pair that breaks. Guarantee printed on each corset. Recommended by over 10,000 physicians. I furnish complete stock on consignment and pay a salary of \$40 to \$65 per month and expenses. \$3.00 sample outfit free. Send 10 cents postage for sample and terms. NICHOLS MANUFACTURING CO., 378 Canal Street, New York.

JUST OPENED.

The undersigned has opened a new

CLOTHING STORE

In the Sprengle block on Fountain Square in the room formerly occupied by W. B. Gitt's shoe store. Strict attention will be paid to CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING. All orders promptly filled and perfect fit guaranteed. A FULL LINE OF MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS ALWAYS ON HAND AT LOWEST PRICES.

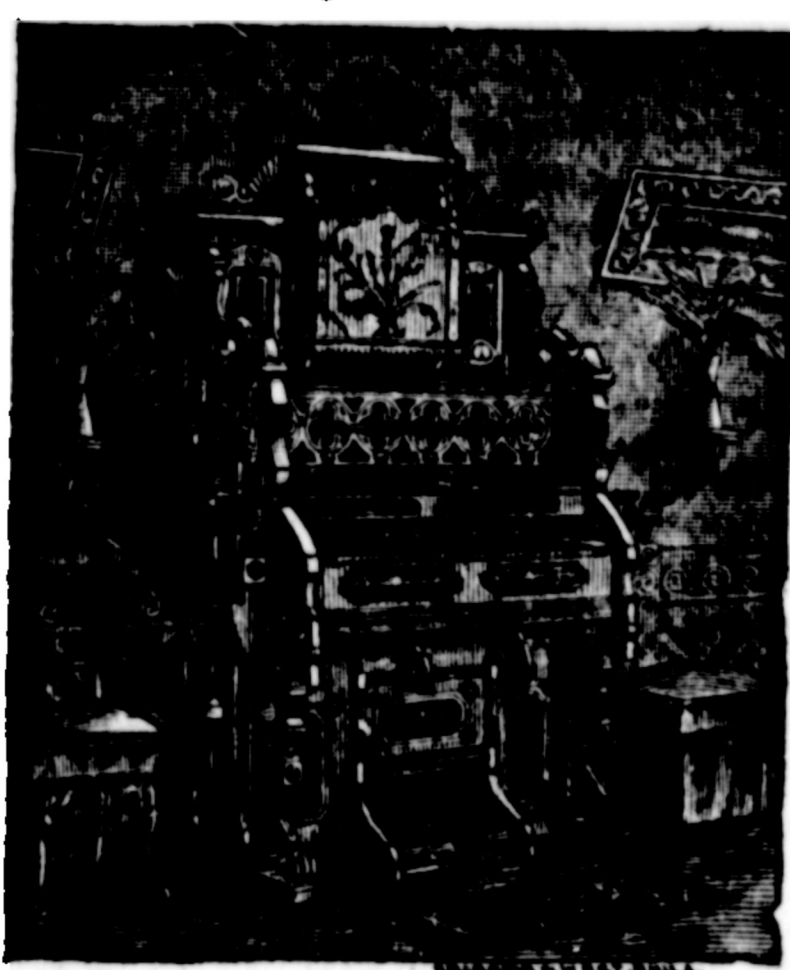
Nicholas Wagner,

Fountain Square, next door to Brockley & Melhorn, HANOVER, PA.

PROF. C. H. STERMER,

—TEACHER OF—

Vocal and Instrumental Music,



Agent for WEAVER ORGANS.

—AND—

Starr, Decker Bros., Blasius Pianos.

Tuning and repairing a specialty. YORK STREET, HANOVER, PA.

ISAAC HERZ'S ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC!

In order to get rid of my stock and retire from business as speedily as possible, having a heavy stock to dispose of, but all seasonable and desirable goods, such as people are in need of now, I came to the conclusion to mention some prices to give you an idea how much you can save if you attend this Closing Out Sale. Two dollars will buy as much now as \$3.50 heretofore.

Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Now \$9.25, former price \$14.25 Now \$4.00, former price \$7.50
Now 7.12, former price 11.50 Now 3.25, former price 6.10
Now 5.75, former price 9.37 Now 2.62, former price 4.87

Boys' Overcoats, Long pants suits and Vests.

The \$10.50 Suits we sell now at \$6.75 The \$7.75 Suits we now sell at \$4.50
The 8.50 Suits we sell now at 5.37 The 5.67 Suits we now sell at 2.25
The \$4.50 Suits we sell now at \$2.75.

Children's suits and Overcoats, Sizes from 4 to 15 years.

The \$6.00 kind we sell now at \$3.75 The \$3.75 kind we sell now at \$2.00
The 5.00 kind we sell now at \$2.87 The 3.00 kind we sell now at 1.62
The \$2.50 kind we sell now at \$1.25.

HATS. HATS.

Your choice of the most stylish and finest quality at the following prices:—
The \$2.50 kind at \$1.75 The \$2.25 kind at \$1.50 The \$2.00 kind at \$1.25
The \$1.50 kind at 0.95 The 1.25 kind at 0.95 The 0.85 kind at 9.50
The 50 and 60 cent kind at 35 cents.

Heavy and light weight Caps for men and boys, we will sell at half their former price and the 25 cent kind at 10 cents.

Men's and Boys' sweaters at the following prices:

The 40 and 50 cent kind we sell now at 25 cents.
The 25 and 30 cent kind we sell now at 15 cents.

Men's Pants—Ood, strong, well made, cannot rip, lined through, former price \$1.25 and \$1.40. Your choice now at 89 cents, and \$1 kind at 75 cents. Unlined Pants, what is left, if you can find your size, the 85 and 75 cent kind, we sell at 50 cents.

OVERALLS—We sell the 40 cent kind at 25 cents, all sizes. We sell the 50 cent kind, with apron, at 30 cents.

Men's Overshirts—39 inches long, with yoke, former price 25 and 30 cents, now 18 cents. The \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 kind, you can have your choice at 75 cents, strictly all wool.

Boys' all wool Overshirts, former price \$1, now 50 cents.

WOMEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.

The Best 20 cent Collars, all styles, we close out at 10 cents each.

The Best 30 cent Cuffs, we close out at 15 cents each.

Other brands of linen Collars and Cuffs still cheaper.

Celluloid Collars, all styles, we sell now at 5 cents.

Celluloid Cuffs we sell now at 10 cents.

And everything else too numerous to mention we sell at equally reduced prices.

Avail yourselves of this rare opportunity, for you can get almost two suits now for the same money as one hitherto cost. I admit it is a great loss to me but this method is the only way to have quick sales of the goods, as I wish to get out of business.

ISAAC HERZ,

FOUNTAIN SQUARE, HANOVER, PA.

LEHMEYER & BRO., YORK. ESTABLISHED 1847.

Stylish Gentlemen



are finding it profitable to buy their garments ready-made, more and more so every year, because Ready-made Clothing isn't what it used to be. Now it gets just as much care and attention as custom-made Clothes. The best cloth is used, the best cutters are employed and the best tailors put it together. Of course an exact fit in the first place isn't always possible, but a slight alteration makes a fit perfect. Even a merchant tailor has to make alterations. And then we can save you money on all your Clothes. Suppose you try us next time you want Clothes.

Our Hats and Gents' Furnishing Goods are, like our Clothing, always the correct thing.

LEHMEYER & BRO.,

"The Old AND Reliable,"

5 E. MARKET STREET, YORK, PA.

N. B.—We carry the largest stock of Clothing east of Philadelphia.

G. W. WEAVER & SON, GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE TIPS OUTWEAR THE GLOVES! FIT LIKE KID.



Her hat doesn't fit her.

but her gloves do. She can't prevent the "Kayser Patent Finger-Tipped" CASH-MERE Gloves from fitting. They have silk between the fingers, the size stamped in each pair. They not only fit and give the hands a perfect shape, but there is a guarantee ticket in each pair that the "Tips" outwear the gloves.

35c. and 50c.

Order by mail—give kid glove size.

G. W. WEAVER & SON,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

CARPETS, MATTINGS, OILCLOTHS.

Our stock is large and prices are lower than ever.

Homemade carpets

from 25c to 60c. per yard.

Ingrain Carpets

from 20c. to 75c. per yard.

Mattings

from 10c. per yard up.

Oil Cloths

from the cheapest to the best.

E. C. STOCK,

SWARTZ BUILDING, NEW OXFORD.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the public that any person trespassing upon the premises of the undersigned, in violation of the purpose of Hunting or Game Laws, will be dealt with to the full extent of the law.

W. H. DECHERT.

AUCTIONEERING

GEORGE L. COLESTOCK, offers his service to the public as Auctioneer. Charges moderate and satisfaction guaranteed. Postoffice address, NEW CHESTER, Adams county, Pa.

Advertise in the ITEM for big trade.

THE ITEM

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
BY H. I. SMITH.

TERMS—\$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE—
\$1.50 if not paid within the year. No sub-
scription discontinued unless at the option
of the publisher, until all arrears are
paid. A failure to order a discontinu-
ance at the expiration of the time paid
for will be considered a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the usual
—liberal reduction to those who adver-
tise by the year.

JOB PRINTING of every description—from
the smallest label or card to the largest
handbill or poster.

OFFICE in Sunday's Hall, second floor, ad-
joining the Eagle Hotel, Centre Square.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1895.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Apples are selling in some sections
of the Cumberland Valley for 20 cts.
per bushel, the lowest price for years.

For a good Overcoat go to Strock.

Frank Klunk, butcher, of McSherrystown, accidentally walked into a glass
door, a few days ago, and out deep
gashes across his nose and forehead.

Wm. Wagner, of Reading twp.,
killed fifteen muskrats that he found
burrowed in the ground one day last
week.

WEAVER, the leading jeweler of Get-
tysburg, Pa., carries the largest line
and offers the lowest prices.

A man who gets mad at what the
newspapers say of him should return
themselves three times daily for what
they know about him but don't say.

Mr. Francis Martin, of near town,
recently lost his best horse by lock
jaw.

The property of Sarah E. Wolford,
dec'd, on Pitt street, was sold at pub-
lic sale on Saturday to Thomas Mc-
Gaughey for \$350.

We have a special bargain in a
Black Cheviot Suit. Don't fail see it
at Strock's.

The district convention of the Sons
of America of Dauphin, Perry, York,
Adams and Cumberland counties will
be held in Mechanicsburg on Thanks-
giving Day.

Tom Manley, an old ditcher, well
known in the lower end of York coun-
ty, was run over by a train on the Y.
S. railroad on Saturday night and
killed.

You should not fail to visit Isaac
Herz's clothing store, at Hanover, and
learn how astonishingly cheap he is
selling goods. You certainly will be
surprised.

"I escaped being a confirmed dys-
peptic by taking Ayer's Pills in time."
This is the expression of many. Ayer's
Pills, whether as an after-dinner pill
or as a remedy for liver complaint, in-
digestion, flatulency, water brash, and
nausea, are invaluable.

Buy your Xmas Presents from
WEAVER, the jeweler, Gettysburg, Pa.

D. A. Miller, of Abbottstown, has
purchased from Dr. Wm. Hollinger
the three-story brick building at the
railroad in Abbottstown, which he in-
tends converting into a hotel.

At the Sheriff's sale on last Tuesday
of the real estate of William Williams,
the farm of 96 acres in Latimore twp.,
was purchased by H. B. Pearson for
\$3,310, and the 4 acre tract by Isaac
Hoechst for \$50.

J. L. Butt, Esq., of Gettysburg,
met with an accident on last Wednes-
day. While taking a spin on his bi-
cycle, the wheel struck a stick lying
in the road and he was violently
thrown against the curb and was very
much cut and bruised about the face.

A cup of muddy coffee is not whole-
some, neither is a bottle of muddy
medicine. One way to know a reli-
able and skillfully-prepared blood pur-
ifier is by its freedom from sediment.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla is always bright
and sparkling, because it is an extract
and not a decoction.

State Senator Pinkney J. Bennett,
of Carroll county, Md., died suddenly
last Wednesday. For several weeks
he had suffered from a severe cold
which developed into pneumonia and
a violent hemorrhage caused death
before a physician could reach him.

Samuel Mackley, son of Samuel
Mackley, Sr., of Straban township, met
with a fatal accident on Thursday
evening at Harrisburg. Mr. Mackley
has for some time been an employee
of the Reading Railroad and it was
while in the act of coupling cars that
he met his death. He was a single
man about 26 years of age.

Our entire stock of Shoes were
bought before the raise in leather and
are selling at old prices.
E. C. Strock.

PERSONAL.

Mr. P. G. Breighner and wife and
two sons, of Gettysburg, spent Sun-
day with Mr. Chas. Robinson and
family, Hanover street.

Mr. A. E. Buckminster, who has
been working in Baltimore for some
time past, returned to his family in
this place, on Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Staub and wife, of Mc
Sherrystown, spent Sunday with
friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Jno. O. Barnitz, of Philadel-
phia, visited his mother and friends
in town.

Mrs. H. M. Mowry and two sons, of
Baltimore, spent Tuesday with her
sister, Mrs. O. H. Emmert, Philadel-
phia street.

Miss Cora Stair, of Hanover, spent
Sunday with friends in this place.

Mr. Wm. Emlet and wife, and Mrs.
Maria Shultz, of Hanover, spent Sun-
day with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Gulden,
Hanover street.

Miss Bertha Markley, of York
Springs, was the guest of her sister,
Mrs. E. C. Strock, Philadelphia St.

Mrs. J. W. Shane, of Washington,
D. C., has been visiting friends here.

Mrs. John Norbeck, of Gettysburg,
was the guest of Mrs. Jacob Heltzel,
Pitt street.

Mr. and Mrs. David Trostle, and
Miss Vertie Eicholtz, of Gettysburg,
spent Sunday with Mr. Benj. Eicholtz
and family; also Mr. John B. Hoffman,
of Colorado.

CHURCH NOTICES.

There will be preaching in St.
Paul's Lutheran church next Sunday
morning at 10 o'clock; Sunday school
at 9 a. m.; Junior C. E. at 2 p. m.; Y.
P. S. C. E. at 6 p. m.; catechetical
class will meet at 2 p. m., on Satur-
day.

Rev. F. Hesse, Pastor.

There will be only one Mass in the
Catholic church Sunday morning—
Low Mass at 8 o'clock.

Rev. P. P. Hemler, Pastor.

Services in St. Paul's Reformed
church Sunday at 7 p. m., when Rev.
Prof. Kemp, of East Stroudsburg, is
expected to preach. Sunday school at
9 a. m.; C. E. Society at 6 p. m.;
prayer meeting Friday evening.

Rev. P. E. Heimer, Pastor.

Thanksgiving will be observed by
Union Services of the three Protes-
tant churches on Thanksgiving morn-
ing in the M. E. church. Sermon by
Rev. W. A. Carver, assisted by the
other two pastors. It is earnestly
hoped that all places of business will
be closed on this day, and especially
during the hour of services, and give
obedience to our Chief Executive, and
to God. Such is a special appeal from
all the pastors to all the people. May
it be heeded.

Buy your Christmas goods from
WEAVER, the jeweler, Gettysburg, Pa.

Mad Dog.

On election day, Nov. 5, a dog sup-
posed to be mad, was noticed by those
residing along the Carlisle road from
New Oxford to the residence of Mr.
Albert Rinehart, running along that
road biting and snapping at whatever
it chanced to meet. Several dogs
along the way were bitten, and one,
belonging to Mr. Harry Starner, was
killed on Sunday it showing every
sign of hydrophobia. Several other
dogs were also killed in the neighbor-
hood, which were supposed to have
been bitten. When the dog reached
the Rinehart residence it attacked
Mrs. Rinehart, but before it had a
chance to bite her, Mr. Rinehart threw
himself between his wife and the dog,
and was bitten through a heavy glove
in one of his thumbs. Mr. Rinehart
then beat and stomped the dog until
it was dead. The wound on his thumb
was dressed by a physician who gives
it as his opinion that none of the
poisonous fluid entered the wound, the
glove acting as a protective.

Large Deed.

On Saturday the officers of the Get-
tysburg Battlefield Memorial Associa-
tion executed what is probably the
largest deed ever written in this coun-
ty. It contains ninety nine tracts of
land, many of which contain several
smaller parcels. The conveyance is to
the United States and cover eighty
pages of closely written legal paper.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.—Electric Bitters
is a medicine suited for any season,
but perhaps more generally needed,
when languid exhausted feeling pre-
vails, when the liver is torpid and
sluggish and the seed of a tonic and
alterative is felt. A prompt use of this
medicine has often averted long and
perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No med-
icine will act more surely in counter-
acting and freeing the system from
the malarial poison. Headache, Indi-
gestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield
to Electric Bitters 50c and \$1 per
bottle at Dicks' drug store.

The Masonic Fraternity Feast.

Monday will long be remembered
by the Masons of New Oxford, as well
as all visiting brethren who had the
pleasure of being here. Early in the
afternoon the Masons began to arrive
from all parts of this and York coun-
ty. After attending two sessions of
the lodge, a banquet was held at the
National Hotel. Everything passed
off nicely, enlivened by speeches by
Revs. L. M. Gardner, Chas. M. Strock,
Edw. E. Blint, O. S. Duncan, Esq.,
Dr. I. W. Pearson and others. Squire
Walter, of Gettysburg, with his jovial
remarks, was also an important factor
to the joyfulness of the occasion.
Those present were:

Littlestown—Rev. Edw. E. Blint, C.
M. Blocher, Chas. E. Blocher.
Abbottstown—George Baker, Dr. Wm.
Hollinger, H. L. Strayer.

Gettysburg—George Baker, W. S. Shro-
der, J. H. Stine, J. L. Kendlehart, G. W.
Koser, W. M. Blocher, D. U. Wolf, C. S.
Duncan, Guyon Buehler, Geo. M. Walter,
James Caldwell.

Hanover—G. H. Shirk, Ed. G. Eckert,
Harry Naille, Wm. L. Hoffheins, H. W.
Bowman, Wm. Sheffer, Rev. C. M. Strock,
Lawrence Benford.

Philadelphia—John C. Barnitz,
Springfield, Ill.—Jas. N. Bushman.
Arendtsville—Dr. Geo. M. Dill, H. P.
Mark.

York Springs—Rev. M. Gardner, Dr. I.
W. Pearson, Johnathan Miller, Dr. E. M.
Cashman, T. G. Neely, G. W. Hartzel, G.
W. Emmert, Judge C. E. Beals, Jno. F.
Peters, J. E. Plank, Jacob Plank, Geo. R.
Trimmer.

New Oxford—J. O. Swartz, J. W. Bar-
nitz, H. O. Himes, W. A. Himes, A. W.
Himes, M. D. Feiser, G. A. Klingel, Z. H.
Cashman, W. A. Diehl, T. E. Warner, C.
D. Taughinbaugh, C. S. Robert, E. C.
Bond, W. H. Emmert, C. H. Emmert, J.
McC. Gilbert, Romanus Sowers, A. E.
Buckminster, H. G. Wehler, John A.
Sheely.

Latest Style Stiff and Soft Hats at
Strock's.

A Change of Quarters.

After this issue of the NEW OXFORD
ITEM, it will be issued from a new
home—from the second story of the
Livingston building, over Hinkle's
jewelry store. We will do our fitting
to day and to morrow, and any of our
friends who wish to give us a helping
hand, either by helping to move our
heavy machinery or by supplying us
with a little "ready John" can do so
by coming to our present home or our
prospective one, and reporting. We
will have no "fitting" dinner.

With a brighter and healthier home
we hope to make THE ITEM corres-
pondingly brighter and better. Come
in to see us—if not us, come to see
our new home.

Alms House Romance.

An incident occurred in Gettysburg
on the 7th inst., that was romantic.
Within one hour's time an acquaint-
ance was struck, courtship successful-
ly conducted, and a marriage perform-
ed. John Ferdinand, of Berwick twp.,
called at the Alms house on that day
and inquired for a housekeeper, stat-
ing that if he got one he liked he
might marry her. Several were in-
troduced to him and Miss Lavina
Bender, of Cumberland twp., won his
heart, and after a few preliminaries,
he sealed his betrothal by placing a
ring upon her finger, and they were
married by the Rev. T. J. Barkley
within one hour's time.

Mirror of a Town's Doings.

The newspapers of a town are its
looking glasses. It is here you see
yourselves as others see you. You
smile on them, and they smile back at
you; you frown on them, and you are
repaid in kind. They are the re-
flex of a town. If the town is doing
a business the newspapers will show
it in its advertising columns. If the
merchants are spiritless, shiftless fel-
lows, whose stores are jumbles and
junk and jam, the newspapers will
show it by the lack of space they take.
If you want the world to know that
you have a live town, you can only let
it be known through its newspapers.

Collar Bone Broken.

As Mr. Henry Spangler, residing
on H. W. Swatz's farm near New
Chester, was hauling corn fodder into
the barn on Saturday morning, one of
the horses became scared by a chick-
en which was flying around, and be-
gan kicking, striking Mr. Spangler
and breaking his collar bone.

In pursuance of the general plan of
restoring the battlefield as nearly as
practicable to its appearance in 1863,
the Government Commission has pur-
chased a large number of oak, maple,
ash, elm, and other indigenous trees
with which to renew the portions of
Ziegler's and Reynolds' groves which
have been cut away since the battle.
—Compiler.

Men's Suits from \$3 50 to the best,
at Strock's.

COURT ITEMS.

David Wierman, charged with adul-
tery and fornication and bastardy, on in-
formation of Etta Kuhn, plead guilty.
A nol pros was entered on the charge of
dissuading a witness from testifying, on
motion of the District Attorney. He
was sentenced to four months in jail and
the usual sentence as to the child.

Wm. Brown, Jr., charged with forni-
cation and bastardy on information of
Sara E. Markle, plead guilty. He was
given the usual sentence.

Charles Beittler, charged with forni-
cation and bastardy on information of
S. Hulick, plead guilty. Usual sentence.
George Aughinbaugh, charged with
larceny on information of Robert Rupp,
plead guilty. He was caught taking the
dinners from the repair hands of the W.
M. R. R. He said he took the food be-
cause he was hungry. Sentence was sus-
pended, and he will go to a place secured
for him in the country.

Henry Floyd, charged with assault and
battery on information of Ignatius Wea-
ver, was acquitted, the county to pay the
costs.

George Ford, charged with larceny,
entering with intent to steal and receiv-
ing stolen goods, and burglary on infor-
mation of John Decker, was convicted
of burglary but acquitted of larceny.
He was given four years and six months
in the penitentiary. He has served a
term in the House of Refuge.

Clara Sechrist, charged with larceny
on information of George Raffensperger,
was found guilty. She was sentenced to
two months in jail, \$1 fine and costs.

William Edwards, charged with larceny
on information of C. B. Tate, plead guilty.
He was sentenced to 1 year and 6
months in the penitentiary.

Sales of the real estate of Amos J. Hos-
tetter, dec'd, late of Union township, and
of Joanna Sanders, dec'd, late of Mc-
Sherrystown, were confirmed.

The report of inspectors of bridge over
Rock Creek at Lot's fording and over
Beaver Run Dam in Straban township,
were approved.

The Com. vs. Hugh C. Hinkle and
Harry C. Brady, was taken up on Wed-
nesday afternoon and was ended on Fri-
day afternoon, when the jury returned a
verdict of not guilty, but defendants to
pay the costs, which amount to about
\$100.

The Grand Jury ignored the following
bills: Against John Reilly, charged with
selling cigarettes to persons under six-
teen years of age. The county is to pay
the costs.

Against Ezechial Lochman, charged
with willfully trespassing, on infor-
mation of John A. Lochman, the prosecutor
to pay costs. The bill charging larceny
was also ignored.

Against Howard Mummert charged
with larceny and receiving stolen goods.

May Lose an Eye.

On last Thursday, Henry Kline-
dinst, who resides on Peter Miller's
farm, near Heidlersburg, accidentally
got a small thorn in his right eye.
He thought it was merely a bit of sand
and rubbed it and it became inflamed.
Not getting any better, he went to
Gettysburg and consulted physicians,
who discovered the thorn, but would
not take the risk of attempting to re-
move it. They recommended that he
go at once to the Presbyterian Eye
Hospital in Baltimore for treatment,
but gave him very little encouragement
to hope that he might not lose the
sight of the eye. Mr. Klinedinst went
to Baltimore on Saturday evening.

School Report

The following is the report of Sev-
en Hundred school for second month,
ending Nov. 18, 1895: Number of pu-
pils enrolled, 22; percentage of attend-
ance 95; pupils present every day,
Margie, Bossie and Clark Brown,
Ella, Viola and Robert Decker, Katie
King and Frank Weigle; pupils who
have been absent one day, Ellen
Rhinehart, Mary Ginter, Emma Ruth,
Edna Yohe, Gertie and Mary Spahr,
Rosie Myers, Joseph and Benedict
Ginter. J. L. SRAUB, Teacher

Prof. E. S. Kemp, of East Strouds-
burg Normal School, who will lecture
next week before the Co. Institute,
will give a lecture in Abbottstown to
the teachers and friends of education,
on Saturday evening, Nov. 23, and is
expected to fill the pulpit of the Re-
formed church on Sunday evening.
He is able and eloquent, and every
body ought to hear him when he
comes into the neighborhood.

Death, with very startling sudden-
ness, struck down lawyer C. B. Wal-
lace while he was taking his usual af-
ternoon drive he was taking his usual
afternoon drive, and terminated the
life of one of the oldest members of
the York bar.

MARVELOUS RESULTS.—By a letter
written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Di-
mondale, Mich., we are permitted to
make this extract: "I have no hesita-
tion in recommending Dr. King's New
Discovery, as the results were almost
marvelous in the case of my wife.
Whilst I was pastor of the Baptist
church at Rives Junction she was
brought down with pneumonia suc-
ceeding La Grippe. Terrible par-
oxysms of coughing would last hours
with little interruption and it seemed
as if she could not survive them. A
friend recommended Dr. King's New
Discovery; it was quick in its work
and highly satisfactory. I took 15
Trial bottles from Dr. King's drug store.
Regular size 50c. and \$1.

Death of Mrs. Mary Heltzel.

Mrs. Mary Heltzel, widow of the
late Hon. Nicholas Heltzel, died Fri-
day evening about 7 o'clock, at her
home on high street, this place. She
was about 76 years of age. Deceased
was a daughter of Samuel Knepley,
and was born in Georgetown, D. C.,
where she met and married Nicholas
Heltzel, then an employee of the Gov-
ernment printing office at Washing-
ton.—Shortly after their marriage,
they moved to New Lisbon, Ohio,
where her husband published the
"Ohio Patriot" for many years. In
1840 they moved on a farm in Mount-
pleasant township, this county, and
there lived until about 10 years ago,
when they moved to this place. De-
ceased has been ill for over a year or
more, suffering with cancer. She was
the mother of eight children, two of
whom are dead. Those living are Wm.,
of Hanover; Mrs. Wm. J. Metzler, of
York; Charles, of this place, Lucian
and Edward of Mountpleasant town-
ship, and Horace of Bonnevillle. The
funeral was held on Monday at 10
o'clock at the house, Rev. Hesse offi-
ciating. Interment in the New Ox-
ford Cemetery.

The Council of this borough are
actively engaged looking up a supply
of water for the borough. It is now
believed a supply can be gotten on the
farm of Mr. Richter, on the Pigeon
Hills, and on Tuesday afternoon an
expert tester was taken to that place.
On account of the springs not being
opened properly no satisfactory test
could be made. The springs are now
being opened thoroughly, and a final
test will be made in a few days.

A turkey supper was participated
in at the home of Miss Maria Kehm,
Philadelphia street, Thursday even-
ing, those present were: Misses Min-
nie and Effie Lau, Nettie Swartz, Ber-
tha Markley, May McIlhenny, Anna
Himes; Messrs. H. O. Himes, E. H.
Markley, Spencer Myers, E. D. Hin-
kle and T. E. Warner.

Opey, little daughter of Mr. Grant
Bell, junior member of the firm of J.
M. Bell & Son, proprietors of the Car-
rollsbury Mills, about 2 1/2 miles north-
west of Emmitsburg, met with an acci-
dent on last Saturday, which came
near ending the little one's existence.
She was in the mill and by some means
her clothes were caught by the upright
shaft, and she was carried around the
shaft between the corn hopper. Her
cries brought the men in the mill to
her assistance, the power was shut off
immediately, and it was with great
difficulty that the men succeeded in
releasing the little girl from her peril-
ous position. Her left thigh was brok-
en, one ear lacerated, and she was
badly bruised about the body.

From Granite Hill.

Quite a pleasant surprise party was
given Miss Alice, daughter of Mr. George
Herman, on last Friday, it being her el-
eventh birthday. A number of her
friends were invited. Miss Alice received
a number of valuable presents. A
sumptuous dinner was prepared, to
which all did ample justice. Those pres-
ent were: Mr. David Wentz and wife,
Martin Wentz and family, Alton Eckert
and family, Mrs. Guisbert and two daugh-
ters, E. E. Rinehart and family, Misses
Sarah Roth, Vertie, Clara and Cora
Wentz.

Mr. Grant Bell is suffering from a se-
vere cut on his hand, received while cut-
ting wood.

Mrs. Lizzie Tate is in Harrisburg at
this writing, attending the funeral of her
brother, Mr. Meckley.

Mr. Samuel Weigle and wife, and Mr.
George Herbst and wife, spent part of
last week in Maryland visiting friends.

Mr. John Slusser left last week for
Reading, to work in the car shops.

Miss Lydia Bupp, who was in York
county for some weeks, has returned
home.

Wm. Golden and wife, of Table Rock,
visited friends in this neighborhood.

Miss Katie Kimmel was the guest of
Miss Carrie Miller.

MARRIED.

Nov. 19, in this place, by Rev. P. E.
Heimer, Mr. Wm. E. Kimmel to Miss
Maggie A. Chronister, both of East Ber-
lin.

Nov. 10, at Heidlersburg, by Rev. Ja-
cob C. Pease, Mr. James A. Adams, of
Tyrone township, to Miss Laura B. Cur-
rens, of Highland township.

Nov. 12, at Littlestown, by Rev. W. C.
Wire, Mr. John J. King to Miss Rosa
Arentz, both of this county.

Nov. 13, in Gettysburg, by Rev. Father
H. S. Christ, Mr. Arthur P. Hughes to
Miss Sydney E. Studebaker, both of Get-
tysburg.

DIED.

Deaths free—tributes, veils, &c., 5 cents a line

Nov. 12, at Hampton, Mrs. Barbara
Darone, wife of Philip Darone.

Nov. 12, at the Alms house, Geo. Schaf-
fer, aged 77 years.

Nov. 17, at same place, Susan Hamil-
ton, aged about 70 years.

WANTED—AN IDEA Who can think
thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may
bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDER-
BURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington,
D. C., for their \$1,000 prize offer.

The early novelists made their heroines sweet sixteen. Shakespeare does not indicate the ages of his heroines. The average age of modern heroines is perhaps twenty-four.

Large quantities of Pacific coast pine and fir are being shipped to the South African Republic. This class of lumber is so superior to the Baltic product that it is forcing the latter out of the market, especially for the timbering of the great mines of that section of the world.

The new British House of Commons, observes The Realm, seems to have been specially constructed with a view to the obsequies of home rule. There is a Butcher to kill it withal, a Sexton to bury it, a Field to dig the grave in, a Chaplin to conduct the services and a Clarke to say Amen.

It is said that 300,000 cubic feet of water plunge 150 feet downward over the Niagara escarpment every second, thus waisting 10,000,000 horse-power of energy to the second. If Niagara was really "harnessed" so as to utilize this energy the New York World estimates it would be sufficient to turn more machinery than there is in the world.

The frog hunt is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in near-by Holland, and from Sas-van-Gent have sent in one half-day as many as 20,000 frogs' legs on ice to Paris lately. These delicacies bring four to five cents apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

It has been accidentally discovered the the Salisbury (England) Cathedral, which for six centuries has been unique in height and perfection in the world, is in imminent danger of falling. The historic pile used to settle periodically up to the time of the Stuarts until finally a deflection of two feet was reached. Since then there has been no change and the spire was supposed to be as firm as a mountain. But lately a dangerous state of affairs has been revealed and an appeal has been made for \$25,000 for immediate repairs.

The Pall Mall Gazette is responsible for the following: "Frascati, within the province of Rome, rejoices in a Bachelors' Union. The other day the members of this club met to protest against the frivolity of the maidens of Frascati, condemning the loudness of their dress, the feathers, ribbons and furbelows, and their conduct in general. As the result of their meeting the members of the union determined to boycott those ladies who heeded not their manifestoes, and likewise to do all they could to prevent them from marrying. The ladies determined to protest. They went to the club house of their enemies, and bearded the lions in their den, tore up their manifestoes, forced their way into the club rooms, and with cudgels threatened the young men with vengeance. No blood was shed, but it is stated that the bachelor members, on leaving the club house, appeared to be very much cowed."

The statement made recently that the botanic garden to be established in New York City will be the only one in the United States is a mistake, as is shown by the annual volumes prepared by the director of the Missouri Botanic Gardens. The late Henry Shaw, of St. Louis, a wealthy citizen, as far back as 1850 began the work of establishing a garden in that city, modelled after the famous one at Kew, England. Mr. Shaw died in 1889, and in the thirty-nine years of his life before his death spent more than a million dollars in perfecting the Missouri Botanic Gardens. In his will it was found that he had left \$1,500,000 in money and productive real estate to perpetuate his beneficent work. The yearly income from this source is now \$100,000, and there are to-day growing in this garden, planted almost forty-five years ago, oak, sassafras, tulip trees, silver maples, etc., some of which are fully three feet in diameter. It will naturally be many years before the New York garden will equal in beauty that of the Western city, but the gentlemen who have undertaken to establish it deserve the thanks of all citizens.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

He drops the bars down, one by one, and lets the cows pass through. Then follows them along the lane as once he used to do, And memory whispers as he climbs the grassy meadow slope Of happy days when, long ago, a boy so full of hope Used often here to lie and dream upon the hill's soft crest, When tired of play, his head upon its daisy-flecked breast, Till leaping dog awakened him with sharp and loud bow-wows, To warn him that the time had come for driving home the cows.

And now he splashes in the brook that flows from yonder spring, It ripples, bubbles, murmurs, like a bright and living thing; Upon its sparkling current, here, he used to sail his boats, And once again he throws a chip to watch it as it floats; Whirling, dancing, jumping, far away a-down it goes, Up and down and here and there, with all the changing flows, Till out of sight it whirls at last, down where the channel bows, As once he did when years ago while driving home the cows.

And all day long in the meadow, while raking the fresh-cut hay, The brightest fancies come to him with the brightness of the day. And every cricket chirping, and the lark that sings, The butterfly that dazles with its brightly painted wings, All seem to be companions, as he works and works away, Till sun sinks low and lower, with the passing of the day. And a voice calls through the shadows and the slowly gathering gloam; "John, my dear, let down the bars, the cows are coming home."

—Walter S. Stranahan.

THE LOST EARRINGS.

A TALE OF THE SKILLFUL THIEVES OF PARIS.



It was in the palmiest days of the Second Empire. It was an evening in mid-winter. The Paris season was at its height, and a brilliant audience had assembled at the Theatre Francais to witness the performance of Jules Sandeau's delightful play, "Mademoiselle de la Seigliere."

The empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the emperor at her side, wrapped in his favorite air of gloomy abstraction, which, like Lord Burleigh's celebrated nod, was supposed to mean so much, yet which, viewed by the impartial light of subsequent veracious history, seems to have signified so little. Several officers in glittering uniforms were in attendance, sparkling with decorations showered upon them by a grateful sovereign; and among these gallant warriors, conspicuous by reason of his attire, was a solitary, humble, black-coated civilian, in ordinary evening dress, with the inevitable speck of red at his button-hole.

In a box almost immediately opposite that occupied by their imperial majesties was a young and exceedingly handsome Russian lady, Countess Ivanoff, concerning whose manifold graces and fascinations the great world of Paris elected to interest itself considerably at this period.

The beauty and wit of this fair northern enchantress were the theme of every masculine tongue, and her magnificent diamonds the envy and admiration of all feminine beholders. The countess was accompanied by her husband, a man of distinguished appearance.

The curtain fell after the first act. The emperor and empress withdrew during the entr'acte. Many humbler mortals followed their example; among them Count Ivanoff, apparently in nowise disturbed by the fact that the golden youth in the stalls were bringing a small battery of opera-glasses to bear upon the dazzling charms of his beautiful wife.

The countess leaned back in her luxurious fauteuil, fanning herself, serenely indifferent to the interest she was exciting. In the dim light of her curtain-shaded box, the glitter of her splendid diamonds seemed to form a sort of luminous halo round her graceful head; a myriad starry brilliants gleamed among the masses of her gold-brown hair; and two priceless stones flashed and twinkled like twin planets in her little shell-tinted ears.

The count had been gone but a few minutes, when there was a gentle knock at the door; and, in answer to the countess's "Entrez," the onvreuse appeared, and said deferentially:

"Pardon, Mme. la Comtesse; a gentleman charged with a message from her majesty the empress waits in the corridor, and desires to know if madame will have the goodness to receive him."

"Certainly! Enter, I beg of you, monsieur," replied the countess, as she recognized the distinguished-looking civilian she had already noticed in close proximity to the emperor in the imperial box.

The visitor advanced a few steps, and, still standing in deep shadow, said, with grave dignity:

"I trust my intrusion may be pardoned. I am desired by her majesty to ask a favor of Mme. la Comtesse, and, at the same time, to beg that she will have the goodness to excuse a somewhat unusual request."

"The obligation will be mine if I can fulfill even the least of her majesty's wishes," answered the countess.

"The case is this," explained the gentleman. "An argument has arisen concerning the size of the diamonds in your earrings and those of the Countess Woronzoff. The empress begs that you will intrust one of your pendants to her care for a few moments, as the only satisfactory method of disposing of her vexed question. I will myself return it the instant her majesty gives it back into my keeping."

"With the greatest pleasure," agreed the countess, detaching the precious jewel forthwith, and depositing it without misgiving in the outstretched palm of the imperial messenger. The countess bestowed a smile and gracious bow of dismissal upon her majesty's distinguished ambassador, who responded by a profoundly respectful inclination as he made his exit.

Shortly afterward Count Ivanoff returned. "I have been talking to Dumont," he remarked, as he seated himself. "Clever fellow, Dumont. I am not surprised at the emperor's partiality for him; he must find him useful when he is in want of an idea."

"Who is Dumont?" inquired the countess, with languid interest.

"That is rather a difficult question," replied the count, smiling; "there are several editions of his biography—all different, probably none of them true. Look, he has just entered the emperor's box—the man in the black coat."

"Is that M. Dupont?" exclaimed the countess; "if so, he has been here while you were away. He came on the part of the empress, and carried off one of my earrings, which her majesty wished to compare with one of the Countess Woronzoff's."

"Dumont! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent, and he only left me at the top of the staircase two seconds before I returned."

"Nevertheless, mon ami, he has been here, and has taken my earring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the count, with a grim smile; "but Dumont has not taken it. It is to the last degree unlikely that the empress would make such a request. Depend upon it, you have been the victim of a thief, made up as Dumont."

"Impossible!" cried the countess, in her turn. "The affair is absolutely as I tell you. It was the veritable M. Dumont I see opposite who came into this box and took away my diamond. Only wait a little, and he will bring it back intact."

"To wait a little is to lessen the chance of its recovery. I will go and inquire of Dumont, if I can get at him, whether he has been seized with a sudden attack of kleptomania; because the idea of the empress having sent him roaming about the theatre, borrowing a lady's jewels, I regard as preposterous. Ah, these Parisian thieves! You do not know what scientific geniuses they are in their way."

With this the count departed, and the second act was nearly at an end before he returned. In the meantime, the countess perceived that she was an object of interest to the occupants of the imperial box.

"I was right," whispered the count, re-entering and bending over his wife's chair; "Dumont knows nothing of your earring, and, needless to say, the empress never sent him or anyone else upon such an errand. I have put the matter into the hands of the police, and they will do all that is possible to recover it."

The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends; but nothing more was heard of the stolen jewel until the following day.

Early in the afternoon the countess was about to start for her daily drive in the Bois. The frozen snow lay deep upon the ground, and her sleigh, with its two jet-black Russian horses jingling their bells merrily in the frozen air, stood waiting in the courtyard while the countess donned her furs.

A servant entering announced that an officer of the police in plain clothes asked permission to speak with Mme. la Comtesse concerning the lost diamond.

"Certainly," said madame, graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

Into the boudoir presently came the countess, stately, beautiful, fur-clad, buttoning her gloves. Near the door stood a short, wiry-looking man, with keen, black eyes, closely-cropped hair, and compact, erect, military figure. The small man bowed profoundly while he said, with the utmost respect, at the same time laying a letter upon the table:

"I am sent by order of the chief of police to inform Mme. la Comtesse that the stolen diamond has been satisfactorily traced, but there is unfortunately some little difficulty connected with its identification. I am charged, therefore, to beg that Mme.

la Comtesse will have the goodness to intrust the fellow carrying to the police for a short period, in order that it may be compared with the one found in the possession of the suspected thief. Madame will find that the letter I bring corroborates my statement."

The countess glanced hastily through the letter, and, ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately; this was done, and the dapper little man, bowing deferentially, departed with the precious duplicate safely in his possession.

The countess descended to her sleigh, and drove to the club, to call for her husband en route for the Bois. Crossing the Place de la Concorde, she related to him the latest incident in the story of the diamond earring.

"You never were induced to give up the other!" cried Count Ivanoff, incredulously.

"But I tell you, mon ami, an officer of the police came himself to fetch it, bringing a letter from his superiors vouching for the truth of his statement."

"If the prefect himself had come, I don't think I should have been cajoled into letting him have it after last night's experience," laughed her husband. "However, for the second time of asking, we will go and inquire."

The coachman turned and drove, as directed, to the Bureau of Police at which the count had lodged his complaint the night before. After a somewhat protracted delay, the count rejoined his wife with a semi-grim look of amusement upon his handsome bearded face.

"The police know nothing of your detective or his epistolary efforts," he said, drawing the fur rug up to his chin as the impatient horses sped away over the frozen snow; "your second earring has been netted by another member of the light fingered fraternity, and, upon my honor, I think he was the more accomplished artist of the two!"

And from that unlucky day to this, the Countess Ivanoff's celebrated diamond earrings knew her pretty ears no more.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Death in Awful Form.

A crowd of nearly a thousand people watched a man drown in Los Angeles to-day and was powerless to help him. His name was Thomas Reynolds, and he was a laborer for a sewer building on Los Angeles street, near Boyd. The scene was the most agonizing that can be imagined.

At about 3 o'clock Reynolds was working in a new sewer that is building directly underneath an old brick one. The ground is soft there and Reynolds was caught by a small cave-in. His legs were pinioned by the falling earth, but no one thought his situation serious. A rope was made fast to him and an attempt was made to pull him out, but his shovel had fallen across his feet, and it was soon seen that he would have to be dug out.

The work was at once begun. Suddenly, to the horror of the great crowd that had assembled, the old brick sewer right over the wretched man's head burst and a large stream of water flowed into the excavation, gradually driving the rescuers out. A fire engine was sent for, and attempted to pump the inflow of water out, but it proved of no avail.

The man was doomed and nothing could be done for him. He was upright in the hole and the water soon reached his waist. For the first time he realized that he would die. Inch by inch the fluid rose, and the poor fellow lost his nerve and commenced to utter the most heartrending shrieks and appeals for help. The streets became blocked with people, and as the news spread of what was going on in that hole the crowd became frantic with a desire to save the man. But absolutely nothing could be done to succor him. The water reached the throat, then the chin, then a ripple struck his lips. The watchers at the brink of the hole turned their faces away and groaned as a last despairing shriek came from the victim. His arms beat the water back frantically and then were still.—San Francisco Examiner.

New Potatoes.

This is the way new potatoes are manufactured in Paris: Old potatoes, the cheapest and smallest that can be obtained, are purchased by the raffoleurs de pommes de terre, as they are called, who carry their property to the banks of the Seine, a good supply of water being necessary. The potatoes are put into tubs half filled with water; then they are vigorously stirred about by the feet and legs of the manufacturers, who roll up their trousers and stamp on the raw potatoes until they have not only completely rubbed off their dark skins, but have also given them that smooth and satiny appearance which is so much appreciated by gourmands. They are then dried, neatly wrapped in paper and arranged in small baskets, which are sold at the Marchands de Comestibles for five francs apiece. The oddest part of the whole business is that the raffoleurs make no secret of their trade, and may daily be seen at work near the Pont Louis Philippe, within sight of the Hotel-de-Ville.—Boston Commonwealth.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Sad Dilemma—The Contrariness of Things—A Reservation—By the Audience—The Cynic's View, Etc.

"O dearest heart, be mine," he said. When suing for a wife: "I cannot live without you, love, You are my very life." Alas! I cannot tell you, Sir, To take me," she replied: For if you take your life, of course, You'll be a suicide." —Richmond Dispatch.

A RESERVATION.

"You say that horse isn't afraid of anything. Can my wife drive him?" "I don't know, sir. I've never seen your wife."—Life.

THE CONTRARIETY OF THINGS.

He—"That little trip of ours to Boulogne never came off, after all!" She—"Nothing ever does come off—except buttons!"—Punch.

HE MANAGES TO COLLECT IT.

Gummey—"Young Harkins says his rich wife is all the world to him." Glanders—"I know. He also says the world owes him a living."

BY THE AUDIENCE.

"Hist!" whispered the villain, creeping stealthily away. "I expected you would be," rejoined the stage manager, with curling lip.—Puck.

THE CYNIC'S VIEW.

"What," said the emancipator, "that has the bicycle done for woman?" "It has enabled her," said the cynic on the back seat, "to take her place in the middle of the road, along with horses."—Buffalo Express.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

Mrs. Fairview—"Doctor, do you think my husband fully realizes his condition?" The Doctor—"I do. He asked me to-day if I was a married man."—Life.

PROBABLY TRUE.

"You know, George," she was explaining, "I was brought up without any care." "Marry me, my darling," said George, "and you shall have nothing else but care."—Detroit Free Press.

THE NEED WAS SUPPLIED.

Creditor—"Now, I want that money. When you came to me six months ago you said you were in need of a temporary loan." Debtor—"Not at all. I said I was in temporary need of a loan."—Puck.

AN ARISTOCRATIC PATIENT.

Doctor—"Countess, I should be glad if you would let me hear you cough." Countess—"I don't feel disposed to do so just now. (To her maid)—Eliza, please cough like I did this morning."

DISTINGUISHED ABOVE THE REST.

Mr. Hamphatt (the dashing, young romantic actor)—"Now, why, may I ask, do you call your dry goods clerk your star boarder? He has the cheapest room and is not a Thespian." Mrs. Hasleigh—"He pays his board; that's why!"—Puck.

WHY HE WORRIED.

I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said the friend of the family. "He's not a poker player." "I know he isn't," replied the father ruefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he is."—Chicago Post.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

A.—"Is dyeing the hair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?" B.—"Certainly, you may take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine dyed his hair, and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children."—Fliegende Blaetter.

NO MORE EXPERIMENTING.

Mr. Slimpurse—"Are you sure you can be contented with love in a cottage?" Adored One—"Yes, so long as the love lasts." Mr. Slimpurse (who has been married before)—"Um—perhaps we'd better wait until I can afford a regular house."—New York Weekly.

MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

"Glorious sport!" cried the man by the roadside as the scorchers went by. "I can't see it," returned the man who was watering his horse. "That must be because you are prejudiced," said the man who had first spoken. "It has everything in its favor. I even find it an excellent thing for business." "I don't," replied the other, sullenly. "From that I infer you are the proprietor of a livery stable." "I am. And you?" "Oh, I'm a surgeon."—Chicago Post.

SMALLER SLEEVES.

A NOTABLE FEATURE OF THE SEASON'S STYLES.

The Enormous Proportions of Last Season's Sleeves to Be Reduced—Ostrich Tips for Hats—Winter Coats and Jackets.

ONE of the notable features of the new styles is the decrease in the size of sleeves. There is little probability that small sleeves will come in for a long time, for the large ones have been much more comfortable and easy to manage, and everybody is satisfied with them; but last season their enormous proportions made it impossible to wear anything in the way of ordinary wraps, and women who had those which were ever so handsome were compelled to put them aside, and either buy new or get along as best they could. The latest sleeves droop a little over the elbows, and are reasonably full at the tops. The straight portion from wrist to elbow is fairly close-fitting, and is in most of the new suits entirely untrimmed. Some costumes, however, have deep, turned-back cuffs; others have plaitings; others are trimmed with bows and bands of velvet, and a few have passementerie or lace.

Large puffs from elbows to shoulders are used on dresses of light material; but the tailor costume and cloth dress have the drooping effect just described.

Outside garments are, for the most part, either in jacket shape or in short pasque style, with points in the front and an elaborate arrangement of trimming set on from shoulder to waist-line.

One of the handsomest models of the season is made of black poplin. The skirt is the usual flaring shape, and the bodice is close-fitting. A jacket basque has large leg-o'-mutton

are not a large collection if the dress occasions.



A PRETTY WINTER HAT.

There are no favorite fashions in plume arrangement. The fancy is for artistic grouping, and the more picturesque the effect, the more in the mode is it.

These trimmings make the head covering as large as ever. The "small" bonnets are even larger. For they are oftenest in toque Tam o' Shanter shape, and the feathers and knots stand out at aggressive angles. The real theatre bonnet for the winter has not appeared, unless we are to suffer from a scourge of these ornamented Tam o' Shanters.

Not that they are not very pretty on the woman by one's side; they are. But, on the lady in front of us, they are not contributory to our enjoyment of the stage performance.

I have hardly seen a prettier winter hat than the one here shown, says the fashion writer of the New York Press. It is a black silk beaver, with ornamentation of black mirror velvet, four rich black plumes, and a fall of green blue satin roses over the back hair. These green blue, parrot green, navy blue roses, seemed odd enough at the



BEAUTIFUL AND NOVEL CAPE.

This strikingly beautiful cape is novel in design, elaborate in embroidery and the newest garment out for evening wear, over big sleeves.

sleeves and extremely full skirts, finished with buckram, and so full as to stand in scallops around the hips just below the waist. The shoulders and entire front of this jacket are covered by a cape-shaped arrangement of black satin, folded in jabot fashion from the neck to the belt on either side of an elaborately braided vest. This braiding is one of the features of the new suits, and is done with heavy mohair braid, about three-fourths of an inch in width, skirts having elaborate designs on the side seams from waist-line to hem.

A trimming which is to be quite lavishly used is velvet, either in ribbon or in bias bands turned in at the edges and lined with buckram. These bands are used to trim the seams of skirts, and are also set from the shoulder seams to the waist-line. Velvet collars and cuffs are used on wool fabrics of all sorts, as well as on silk.

Lace is to be quite as much used as it has been through the summer. Dresses of silk or fine wool are trimmed with lace, about eight or ten inches deep. This is set on in shoulder ruffles and in bertha fashion; sometimes it is laid flat and sewed down upon the fabric.

TIPS FOR HATS.

Nothing is more certain than the popularity of ostrich tips. Hats, nearly all, are trimmed with them; the number in each case depending upon the use to which the hat is to be put. Two or three are a modest number, if the chapeau is for general use. Seven

beginning of the season, but they no longer appear objectionable.

"Mademoiselle's hair is arranged in a large soft knot at the back of the head. The portion which is curled and caught over the ears is the same straight hair which was parted in the summer, and drawn down to conceal them entirely. Fashion has concluded that her young charges are not suited by plain madonna effects.

FURS TO BE GENERALLY USED.

It is more than probable that furs will be again most popular this season, judging from a hat one sees at the leading fashion emporia. Furs are not only seen on mantles and jackets for outdoor wear, but are used to trim costumes of every description. Sable, as usual, is the ultra favorite, but blue fox and silver fox are also much patronized. There are, of course, cheaper furs than the above mentioned, which are very effective and decidedly more within reach of ladies whose purses are not elastic.

FICHUS, GARLANDS AND RUCHINGS.

Fichus, garlands, throat ruchings, to which scarfs are attached, peaked stomachers adorned with handsome buttons, spangle work, bands of rich feathers, furs and fur trimmings, clasps, buckles, raised work, etc., are the forerunners of coming artistic gear. Revers, collars, cuffs of admirable work are already to the fore. Purer styles and a purer tone will come on us gradually.

WHEN POLLY SMILES.

When Polly smiles the grayest skies
Take on a heavenly hue.
And O, the light in Polly's eyes—
How bright it is! How true!
And from his lips on her sodas
Young shoulders, you can see
Love shoot his arrows swift and straight,
When Polly smiles at me.

But O, my soul, when Polly frowns,
How black and fierce the skies!
And, oftentimes, a raindrop drowns
The light in Polly's eyes.
But when I kiss her all the rain
And storm clouds are quickly flown
And happy skies are blue again,
For—Polly smiles at me!

New York Tri

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Time is money in the sense that it cannot be held.—Puck.

Policeman—"Is there anything untouched?" Proprietor—"Yes; the burglar alarm."

"All things come to him who waits;" but all things are not worth waiting for.—Puck.

We all hate a flatterer—that's why we like to stand by and scold him.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A woman always means what she says at the exact moment of her saying it.—Detroit Free Press.

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."—Tit-Bits.

Bacon—"Mrs. Lipton says her baby has begun to crawl, already." Eggbert—"He must be a born pugilist."—Harper's Round Table.

A—"I hear that your friend X. has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice?" B—"No; his lawyer's."—Tit-Bits.

"Mamma, where do eggs come from?" "Chickens, my dear." "Well, that's funny. Papa says that chickens come from eggs."—Harper's Round Table.

Jaspar—"I consider Yokes the greatest actor in the world." Jump-uppe—"Why?" Jaspar—"He is too philosophical to bother about philosophy."—Puck.

"Were you at the fete of the flowers?" "Yes, and I was knocked senseless. One man pelted me with roses, forgetting to remove them from the flower pots."

"It depends on the way a man weighs with a penny-in-the-slot machine whether he determines his weight, or waits to find the blamed thing won't work."

Anxious Inquirer (to crusty old gentleman)—"When do you suppose this rain is going to stop?" C. O. G.—"When it gets to the ground."—South Boston News.

Physician—"And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue." Patient—"It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer."—Boston Transcript.

"I dreamed last night that I met that scoundrel Riggs." "What did you do?" "Nothing, that's the worst of it." "Well, if ever I catch him out in a dream I'll knock him down."

A Holy Fair at Allahabad.

At Allahabad, in the northwest provinces of India, a religious fair is held periodically on the dry part of the bed of the Ganges, to which natives of all castes and from all parts of India travel in order, by bathing in the sacred river, to obtain release from sins or to cure disease. Thousands upon thousands of Hindoos make this long and weary pilgrimage, and during the height of this gathering the city teems with natives of all conditions. Some make a vow to measure the whole journey of their pilgrimage, hundreds of miles, perhaps, by the length of their bodies. This they effect by lying flat upon the ground, making a mark where their head comes, rising and toeing this mark, and then lying down again, and so on until they arrive at their destination.

Others carry weights, others gull their flesh with chains. Indeed, the means adopted for self-mortification are countless. The bathing is conducted on remarkable lines. The sacred river itself is by no means inviting. Within a few yards of the devotees who are drinking of the holy stream or bathing in its waters may be seen preying on human corpses that float down. Yet this very water is taken away by men in various vessels suspended from long poles decorated with tiny flags, and sold far away up country at many annas, and even rupees, for a single drop, so deep and strong is the Hindu's faith in the water of the sacred river.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Jurymen's Logic.

A well known lawyer on circuit in the North of England, curious to know how a certain jurymen arrived at his verdict, meeting him one day, ventured to ask.

"Well," replied he, "I'm a plain man, and I like to be fair to every one. I don't go by what the witnesses say, I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judges say; but I look at the man in the dock, and I say, 'He must have done something or he wouldn't be here,' so I bring them all in guilty."—Pearson's Weekly.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Welding by electricity is spreading. A pound of cork will sustain in the water a man weighing 154 pounds.

Forty to fifty miles a day is about the maximum distance attained by ordinary riders on a triocycle.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company will use crude petroleum from the Los Angeles oil fields as fuel for a number of their locomotives.

A folding bicycle has been devised. By a simple and ingenious arrangement the connecting rods of the frame may be folded until the machine is reduced to the size of one wheel.

Russian philanthropists propose that fresh blood from the abattoirs be used in the preparation of breads, crackers, sausages, etc. Fresh blood contains much bitumen and can be obtained at nominal cost.

The recent Geographical Congress at London declared in favor of the universal use of the meridian of Greenwich. It also declared in favor of the metre as the geographical standard of measurement.

A vein of natural gas extends along the eastern and southern shore of Lake Ontario in the counties of Jefferson and Oswego, and wells have been sunk at different points, gas being found in sufficient quantities for commercial and illuminating purposes for several villages.

Professor Stoddard writes that while "argon" is undoubtedly a new substance, the evidence does not warrant the positive assertion that it is an element rather than a mixture of elements. Having discovered its existence, the scientists are now busy attempting to imagine a use for it.

It appears that certain fungi may be disseminated by snails and toads. An Italian naturalist, Voglino, has found in the digestive canal of these animals an abundance of the spores of species of *Russula*, *Tricholoma*, *Lactarius* and other kinds of toadstools. But the power of germination of these spores had not been destroyed by passing through the body of the animals in question.

The completion a few years ago of the object glass of the Lick refractor, with a diameter of thirty-six inches, was rightly considered an important event in astronomy. But the Yerkes lens, now ready at Cambridge, Mass., is forty-one and a half inches in diameter, and is without an equal in size. When it is mounted at the Lake Geneva (Wis.) observatory, the attention of astronomers throughout the world will be turned in that direction as the most probable point of new discoveries.

The Glow-Worm Cavern.

The greatest wonder of the Antipodes is the celebrated glow-worm cavern, discovered in 1891 in the heart of the Tasmanian wilderness. The cavern or caverns (there appears to be a series of such caverns in the vicinity, each separate and distinct), are situated near the town of Southport, Tasmania, in a limestone bluff, about four miles from Ida Bay. The appearance of the main cavern is that of an underground river, the entire floor of the subterranean passage being covered with water about a foot and a half in depth. These wonderful Tasmanian caves are similar to all caverns found in limestone formations, with the exception that their roofs and sides literally shine with the light emitted by the millions of glow-worms which inhabit them.

A Jurymen's Logic.

A well known lawyer on circuit in the North of England, curious to know how a certain jurymen arrived at his verdict, meeting him one day, ventured to ask.

"Well," replied he, "I'm a plain man, and I like to be fair to every one. I don't go by what the witnesses say, I don't go by what the lawyers say, and I don't go by what the judges say; but I look at the man in the dock, and I say, 'He must have done something or he wouldn't be here,' so I bring them all in guilty."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Naval Problem.

During the recent maneuvers the British fleet successfully accomplished a tactical problem. Two fleets were placed in the Atlantic, separated by a distance of 100 miles, and in positions unknown to each other. They were instructed to find each other and effect a junction. They found each other in six hours and effected the junction in twelve.

Miss Coygirl—Jack Softleigh told me last night that I ought to accept him because he was willing to prove his love for me. Her Friend—What did you say? "I said I couldn't see it in that light." "Then what did he say?" "Nothing. He just turned the light out."—Philadelphia Record.

For a Clean, Easy Shave
or a Fashionable Hair Cut
—GO TO THE—

Center Square Tonsorial Parlor,
In the Eagle Hotel Building.

Harry Kehn, Barber.

Professional Cards.

DR. E. H. MARKLEY,
DENTIST.
Hanover St., near Center Square,
NEW OXFORD, PA.

Graduate of University of Maryland. Teeth extracted without pain. Artificial teeth inserted by all the latest improved methods. Filling a specialty. 64p106

Dr. H. ROSS BLACK,
DENTIST—Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late Dr. Faber Bange—No. 5 Carlisle street, HANOVER, PA.

Dr. Wm. HOLLINGER,
DENTIST. Office and Residence, ABBOTSTOWN, PA.

Will be at Sunday's hotel, New Oxford, every Wednesday. All the latest appliances. 28Jun951y

WM. McCLEAN. WM. ARCH McCLEAN.
Late Pres. Judge.

WM. & WM. ARCH McCLEAN.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Offices west side of Baltimore street, third door from Centre Square.

J. L. KENDLEHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Lately practicing in Philadelphia, has removed to Gettysburg, and resumed practice in the several courts of Adams county. Office on Baltimore street, opposite the new court house, in the room recently occupied by the Hon. S. Mc Swope. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to.

WM. HERSH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Collections and all legal business promptly attended to. Office on Baltimore street, opposite court house, in room lately occupied by Hon. S. Mc Swope.

S. S. NEELY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on York street, next door to Gettysburg National Bank.

WM. M'SHERRY, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Adams county, Pa. Will carefully and promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him, in the opposite court house.

J. L. BUTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office with J. A. Kitzmiller, on second floor of Springer building on Baltimore street. Prompt attention given to settlement of estates of decedents, minors, etc.; also to conveyancing, deeds and collections.

J. A. KITZMILLER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on second floor of Springer building on Baltimore street. Will promptly attend to collections and all other business entrusted to him.

G. J. BENNER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Gettysburg, Pa. Office on Baltimore street, in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Brenne man's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

NATIONAL HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE H. LITTLE, Proprietor.
All modern conveniences. Choicest wines, liquors and cigars. Beautiful lawn and shade trees. Ample stabling. Moderate rates. First street, convenient to depot.

EAGLE HOTEL, New Oxford,
GEORGE SUNDAY, Proprietor.
House thoroughly refitted and refurnished. The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, while the table will be supplied with the choicest delicacies the market affords. Ample stabling. 24Jun951y

WASHINGTON HOUSE, Gettysburg,
ELIAS FISSEL, Proprietor.
The Hotel has lately been improved and refitted. Parlors on second floor. Restaurant connected with the hotel where everything in season will be furnished to gentlemen on the first floor and ladies on the second floor. Bar stocked with all new goods. First-class hostler with the best care of transient horses. Opposite W. & A. Depot, one square from P. & R.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
JAS. W. OCKER, Proprietor.
Centrally located, being on the northwest corner of the Diamond. Large sample rooms. Heated throughout. Terms moderate.

HOTEL GETTYSBURG,
Located on Centre Square, where McClellan House formerly stood, Gettysburg, Pa.
H. & D. K. MILLER, Proprietors.
Headquarters League American Wheelmen. Headquarters of Capt. Jas. T. Long, guide and delinquent. Steam heat, electric light and call bells. A first-class livery attached to hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, Gettysburg,
Second door from Court House.
Having purchased, remodeled and refitted the above well known Central Hotel, I take pleasure in asking you to call and give me a trial. Special rates to jurors and those attending court. Satisfaction guaranteed, as I am confident that you will again patronize me after giving me a trial. Table supplied with all the market affords. Respectfully,
JAMES O. McCAVITT, Proprietor.

HOTEL COLUMBUS, McSherrytown,
J. H. McMaster, Proprietor.
Newly furnished throughout. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms, good stabling and an attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

NATIONAL HOTEL, Littlestown,
GEO. W. RIFFLE OF J. PROPRIETOR.
At the railroad on Baltimore street. First-class in every respect. Convenient to all business places. Large sample rooms. Good stabling and attentive hostler. Moderate charges.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE
Z. S. CUSHMAN,

At the Brick Warehouse, HANOVER, PA., NEW OXFORD, PA., will buy and sell all kinds of

Wheat, Hay, Straw, Rye, Corn, Oats, Potatoes, Bran, Middlings, Chop, &c., Also

The Best Brands of Flour,
Coarse and Fine Salt, etc.

Sellers and buyers will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Free delivery to any part of the borough.
Car leaves New Oxford every Thursday afternoon for Baltimore; returning leaves Hiltan Station every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. All orders left with him will receive prompt attention.

GO TO---!
Geo. A. Klingel's
Barber - Shop,
For a Clean Shave and a Good Hair Cut. Razors Honed and Concealed at the Lowest Price.
Shop AT POST OFFICE, NEW OXFORD, PA.

THE ITEM

NEW OXFORD, PA.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 22, 1895.

The dry goods merchants of Waynesboro have, it is said, declared a boycott against the W. M. R. because it runs excursions to Baltimore several times a year from the valley and takes a large amount of trade to the Monumental city.

ONE WAY TO BE HAPPY is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight cold or cough, prepare yourself and call at once on E. C. Livingston's sole agent and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy, Free. We give it away to prove that we have a sure cure for coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Large sizes 50c. and 25c.

The large dwelling house of Joseph Miller, located on the Reisterstown and Hanover turnpike, a mile south of Hampstead, was burned Friday morning. All the contents of the building were consumed. Mr. Miller's family, except himself, were absent. The loss is little short of \$4,000, with an insurance of \$3,400.

FROM SIRE TO SON - As a family medicine Bacon's Celery King for the nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have kidney, liver or blood disorders do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have indigestion, constipation, headache, rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. E. C. Livingston, the sole agent is distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50c. and 25c.

The Ovar's First Born.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 16.—The accouchement of the ovarina occurred last evening. At 9 o'clock a daughter was born to the ovar and ovarina. Court physicians in attendance at the accouchement of the ovarina report the child to be a handsome girl, and they add that the mother is rapidly recovering. Services connected with the birth of the infant were held in accordance with the rites of the Orthodox Greek church. The baby has been named Olga.

Reading Reorganization Plan.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Copies of the reorganization plan for the Reading have been furnished to a few important interests in advance of the general publication. From the discussions occasioned by the forecast it is gathered that the common stock is to be called upon for a 20 per cent. assessment, new common stock, share for share, to be given to those who pay the assessment. There are now outstanding between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000 of this security.

Twenty Emigrants Drowned.

GIBRALTAR, Nov. 18.—Over twenty passengers from the Italian steamship Solferino were drowned by the swamping of one of the small boats. Twelve hundred emigrants from Genoa, Italy, bound for South America were on board the steamship at the time. All were safely landed save the score or more in the single small boat. The Solferino went ashore near Costa. She was commanded by Captain Caffero.

Rustem Pasha Dead.

LONDON, Nov. 20.—Rustem Pasha, for years the representative of Turkey at the court of St. James, died last night. Rustem Pasha has been in failing health for a long time, and his retirement on a pension on this account was discussed as long ago as last February.

Fatal Sweat Shop Fire in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Fire broke out yesterday in the basement of the six story factory building at No. 98 Clinton street, in which about 200 persons were employed, most of them in tailoring sweat shops. One man, thus far unidentified, perished by suffocation. The firemen helped many of the inmates out of the building, and the others made their way to the ground by means of fire escapes. Meyer Lipschutz, an employing tailor, jumped from a fourth story window to the pavement, and he suffered internal injuries from which he will die. His brother, Louis Lipschutz, leaped to the roof of a three story building adjoining and received severe contusions of the back and serious internal injuries. Mary Belzinger was run down by a fire chief's wagon, and may die from her wounds.

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 19.—Flour weak; winter superfine, \$2.30@2.50; do. extras, \$2.00@2.25; Pennsylvania roller, clear, \$3.00@3.25; do. straight, \$2.25@2.35; western winter, clear, \$2.35@2.50. Wheat quiet, steady, with 60c. bid and 60c. asked for November. Corn dull, unchanged, with 35c. bid and 35c. asked for November. Oats quiet, steady, with 24c. bid and 24c. asked for November. Hay firm; choice timothy, \$15.50. Beef steady. Pork dull, easy; old mess, \$9.50@10. Lard steady; western steam, \$9.50. Butter steady; creamery, 15c@20c; factory, 9c@14c; Eggs, 23c; imitation creamery, 12c@18c; New York dairy, 15c@20c; creamery, 17c@24c; Pennsylvania and western creamery prints, fancy, at 25c; do. choice, 16c; do. fair to good, 21c@23c; prints jobbing at 20c@22c. Cheese dull; New York large, 7c@10c; small, 5c@10c; part skims, 3c@7c; full skims, 2c@3c. Eggs dull; New York and Pennsylvania, 22c@25c; ice house, 10c@20c; western fresh, 21c@24c.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—European cables quote American steers at \$10.40, dressed weight; refrigerator beef, 7c@9c. Calves steady; poor to prime veals, \$6.00; grassers, \$2.00@2.25; yearlings, \$2.25@2.75. Sheep and lambs quiet and a trifle weak; poor to good sheep, \$2.00@3.50; common to choice lambs, \$3.50@4.00.

EAST LIVERPOOL, Pa., Nov. 19.—Cattle steady; prime, \$4.00@4.50; good butchers, \$3.50@4.00; bull, cows and stage, \$1.50@3. Hogs steady; prime light, \$3.70@3.75; medium grades, \$3.05@3.70; common to fair Yorkers, \$5.00@5.55. Sheep steady; extra, \$2.00@2.20; fair, \$1.70@2.25; common, 50c@1.10; lambs, \$2.25@4.25. Veal calves, \$6.00@7.00.

AN EASY CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness, morphine and tobacco habit may easily be cured by the use of Hill's Double Chloride of Gold Tablets. No effort is required of the patient and stimulants may be taken as usual until voluntarily given up. Tablets may be given in tea or coffee without the patient's knowledge. A cure guaranteed in every case. For sale by all first-class druggists, or will be sent on receipt of \$1.00. For full particulars address The Ohio Chemical Works, Lima, Ohio.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The Best Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction of money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. W. Dicks

Best Family Medicine

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache,

AYER'S Cathartic Pills

cannot be equalled. When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels, my invariable answer is Ayer's Pills."—Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, New York City.

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Didn't Change Climate. Gained a Pound a Day.



South Stockton, N. Y.

"Dr. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I had been suffering from Abscesses on my Lungs and Liver Disease for about three months. Coughed a great deal, had become nervous and restless and my flesh had wasted away. Had been treated by three different physicians without any material benefit. They finally advised change of climate to avoid Consumption, and in August last I had decided to break up my business here and go West in search of health. At this time I was induced to try your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic. Once fairly under its influence I gained flesh at the rate of a pound a day. After using 2 bottles of the Remedy, I was a well man and went about my business which I have continued uninterruptedly to this time.

Blood and Liver Dr. Fenner's Remedy Never Fails. and Nerve Tonic

It is a Sarsaparilla-Mandrake-Prince's Fine Alternative, Nerve Tonic and Restorative Compound.

CERTAIN AS THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

Physicists from blood, liver and tissues all worn-out particles and impurities, without weakening but strengthening instead, and restores the Nerves. Cures Headaches, Dizziness, Constipation, Bad Breath, Skin Diseases, Old Sores, Dizziness, Scrofula, General Debility, etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sample free.

Mother! Keep your child's stomach and bowels healthy with Dr. Fenner's Sennatoria. The best laxative and corrective known.

Dr. Fenner's Soothing Syrup. Allays irritation and gives refreshing sleep. Dr. Fenner's Worm Syrup. "Brought out worms from our child. Mrs. Shierick, Elida, O." Dr. Fenner's Family Salt Rheum Ointment. Best for skin eruptions, Piles, Sores, Cuts, etc.

For sale at LIVINGSTON'S GROCERY

MARSHALL HOUSE, York, Pa.

ACCOMMODATING THE COURT HOUSE, JOHN S. BAUGHMAN, PROPRIETOR. The Bar is stocked with Choice Wines, Beer and Liquors, and Fine Brands of Cigars. The Table is supplied with the best of the market affords. Free Bus to and from trains. Extensive stable attached to the hotel.

GO TO J. H. NAU, LITTLE TOWN AND HANOVER, for your

Monuments, Tombstones, LINTELS, DOOR SILLS, &c.

I am at all times prepared to furnish the above work in the most beautiful designs, at Bargains. My work extends all through Carroll and Frederick Counties, Md., and Adams and York Counties, Pa. I guarantee my prices and work to suit all persons; call and examine and satisfy yourself. All orders promptly attended to. Work delivered free. Yards on Frederick street, Littlestown, and on Little street, Hanover

THE ITEM \$1 a year. Try it.

Stop! Look! Listen! SOMETHING NEW!

Porous Waterproof Clothing.

This is something entirely new and is on sale only by ourselves. The goods are guaranteed absolutely waterproof.

In our show window is a piece of the cloth containing water, which was placed there five days ago. The water will not penetrate the goods.

The manufacturers instruct us to replace, free of charge, any Suit or Overcoat that lets a drop of water come through. Come in and examine the goods.

CARVER & LITTLE, No. 8 Baltimore Street, HANOVER, PA.

SELLING OUT AT COST.

—our entire stock of—

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, HATS, CAPS, UNDERWEAR, BLANKETS, &c. Must be sold out until March 1, 1896. Come at once and secure best bargains. We are positively going out of business, so all goods must be sold. We will make to order Men's Suits at lower prices than ever before. We mention no prices, but come and see. This is your best opportunity to buy Winter Goods at cost. G. B. NACE & SON, No. 3 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

BLANKS of all kinds printed on good paper cheap at this office.

"A Thing of Beauty!"



PRESERVE AND BEAUTY YOUR TEETH by the use of PATTON'S FRAGRANT MYRRH. Send for sample bottle FREE.

CITY DRUG STORE, 1186p.m. YORK, PA.

GET A GOOD ONE! THE

Made in the Right Way of Right Kind of Wood. Malleable Iron Bushing in Pin Hole in Handle. Long, Heavy Cylinders driven in from Bottom; Wood cannot swell away from this kind. Heavy Welded Bands.

BLATCHLEY PUMP

It is intended for service, no cheap materials in it. C. G. BLATCHLEY, Mfr., 25 N. Juniper St., Philadelphia, Pa. Opposite Broad Street Station, P. R. R.

GRAIN and PRODUCE.

The undersigned, having purchased the warehouse on PITT STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA., he will buy all kinds of GRAIN, such as Wheat, Rye, Oats and Corn, Clover and Timothy Seed, Hay and Straw, &c. Will also keep on hand a full stock of FLOUR, FEEDS, SALT, &c.

LUMBER AND COAL.—The Lumber and Coal business will be continued as heretofore, with a full stock of all kinds of Lumber and Coal, which will be sold at bottom prices. Thankful for the liberal patronage given me in the past, I will endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

A. SHEELY.

MERRICK'S Most scientific appliance for treatment of HERNIA ever produced.

Combination Spiral Spring Sent on trial, Address F. H. MERRICK, Huntington, W. Va. TRUSS

DON'T read your neighbor's paper, but subscribe yourself for THE ITEM. \$1. Three months for 25c

EMMERT & BRO., NEW OXFORD, PA.

JUST IN!

Largest novelties in Neckwear, Shirts, Collars and Cuffs, Hats and Furnishing Goods. Also, full line of Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes of all kinds at all prices.

Respectfully,

EMMERT & BRO.

P. S.—We almost forgot to say that we give you your choice of 100 different premiums when your cash purchases amount to \$25. Ask for a card.

FOR RENT—A large Room on second floor, Centre Square. Rent cheap Apply to E. C. LIVINGSTON.

A Special Drive

3 cakes 10c. —IN BUTTERMILK SOAP.

A BARGAIN

Ironstone China 1/2 gal. pitcher, 15c. QUEENSWARE!

Glassware at Cut Prices.

Bologna, Sliced Beef, Smoked Meats, Cutlery, Harmonicas, Stationery, Wood- enware, Brushes, Baskets, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.

Yours most respectfully,

E. C. LIVINGSTON.

For 30 Days Only!

For 30 days only Theo. E. Warner will sell the following goods at the reduced prices named:

Mason 1/2 gal. Jars at 75c. per doz.; Mason qt. Jars at 60c. per doz. Extra fine heavy Sugar Syrup only 30 cents per gallon. Coal oil in 5 gal. lots, 12c. per gal. Sweet potatoes 25c. per peck. Peerless Corn Starch 5 cents per pack. Remember these prices are only good for 30 days. We have just received a lot of New Irish Mackerel.

Theo. E. Warner,

RED FRONT GROCERY.

M. G. Colestock, Butcher,

MILLER'S BUILDING,

CARLISLE STREET, NEW OXFORD, PA.,

has constantly on hand in season the best of

Beef, Pork, Lamb, Veal, Bologna, Sausage, Puddings, Smoked Meats, &c., &c.

His prices are the lowest. Give him a call.

LIKE A RAT

our reputation for fine repairing on Watches, Clocks and Jewelry is spreading far and wide, and

OUR GOODS ARE RUNNING

far ahead of many others because we buy for cash direct from the manufacturers and thus the purchaser gains the middlemen's profits. Most of our patrons are sending the good news

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE

that if you want a piece of goods of standard quality with low prices attached, you should buy from the up-to-date jeweler. Note these figures and compare with those of others:

Mens Watches!

Nickel, from \$2.25 up Silver, " 6.00 " Gold filled " 12.00 " Solid Gold " 25.00 "

All have ELGIN AND WALTHAM movements.

Jno. L. Weaver,

JEWELER,

Opposite the Eagle Hotel,

Gettysburg, Pa.

Ladies' Watches!

Nickel, from \$4.00 up Silver, " 5.00 " Gold filled, " 12.00 " Solid Gold " 18.00 "

All have ELGIN AND WALTHAM movements.

Take Notice.

I have just received a NEW LINE of Men's, Ladies', Misses, and Children's Shoes,

(Black and Russet colors,) all styles and sizes, and kindly ask my old patrons and friends, and the public in general, to come and see me and obtain prices, as I intend to sell as low as possible. Prices to suit the times.

H. K. SCHNELL, Hanover St., New Oxford, Pa.

The METROPOLITAN

Collecting Agency.

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Patents obtained. Easy terms. Thirty-five year's experience. Examinations and Reports free. Prompt attention. Send drawing and description to L. BAGGOTT & Co., Attys., 309 N. 4th St., Washington, D. C.

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